POEMS,

BY

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THE TASK.

BOOK I.

THE SOFA.

The Argument.

Hiſtorical deduction of ſeats, from the ſtool to the Sofa.—A School-boy's ramble.—A walk in the country.—The scene deſcribed.—Rural ſounds as well as sights delightful. Another walk.—Miſtake concerning the charms of ſolitude corrected.—Colonnades commended.—Alcove, and the view from it.—The wilderneſs.—The grove.—The threſher. The necessity and the benefits of exerciſe.—The works of nature ſuperior to, and in ſome inſtances inimitable by, art.—The weariſomeneſs of what is commonly called a life of pleaſure.—Change of ſcene ſometimes expedient.—A common deſcribed, and the character of crazy Kate introduced.—Gipſies.—The bleſſing of civilized life.—That state moſt favourable to virtue.—The South Sea iſlanders compaſſionated, but chiefly Omai.—His preſent ſtate of mind ſuppoſed.—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities.—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praiſe, but cenſured.—Fete champetre.—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of diſſipation and effeminacy upon our public meaſures.

I SING the Sofa. I who lately ſang
Truth, Hope, and Charity*, and touched with awe
The ſolemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Eſcaped with pain from that adventurous flight,

* See Poems, vol. i.

Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song.
Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile:
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birth-day of invention; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms:
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen; but perforated sore,
And drilled in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.
At length a generation more refined
Improved the simple plan; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
And over the seat, with plenteous wadding stuffed,
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needle-work sublime.

There might ye see the piony ſpread wide,
The full-blown roſe, the ſhepherd and his laſs,
Lap-dog and lambkin with black ſtaring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.
  Now came the cane from India ſmooth and bright
With Nature's varniſh; ſevered into ſtripes,
That interlaced each other, theſe ſupplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But reſtleſs was the chair; the back erect
Diſtreſſed the weary loins, that felt no eaſe;
The ſlippery ſeat betrayed the ſliding part,
That preſſed it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the diſtant floor.
Theſe for the rich: the reſt, whom fate had placed
In modeſt mediocrity, content
With baſe materials, ſat on well-tanned hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glaſſy ſmooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimſon yarn,
Or ſcarlet crewel, in the cuſhion fixt,
If cuſhion might be called, what harder ſeemed
Than the firm oak, of which the frame was formed.
No want of timber then was felt or feared
In Albion's happy iſle. The lumber ſtood
Ponderous and fixt by its own maſſy weight.
But elbows ſtill were wanting; theſe, ſome ſay,
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived;
And ſome aſcribe the invention to a prieſt
Burly and big, and ſtudious of his eaſe.
But, rude at firſt, and not with eaſy ſlope

Receding wide, they preſſed againſt the ribs,
And bruiſed the ſide; and, elevated high,
Taught the raiſed ſhoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elapſed or ever our rugged ſires
Complained, though incommodiouſly pent in,
And ill at eaſe behind. The ladies firſt
'Gan murmur, as became the ſofter ſex.
Ingenious fancy, never better pleaſed
Than when employed to accommodate the fair,
Heard the ſweet moan with pity, and deviſed
The ſoft ſettee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midſt an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So ſit two kings of Brentford on one throne;
And ſo two citizens who take the air,
Cloſe packed, and ſmiling, in a chaiſe and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By ſoft recumbency of outſtretched limbs,
Was bliſs reſerved for happier days. So ſlow
The growth of what is excellent; ſo hard
To attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus firſt neceſſity invented ſtools,
Convenience next ſuggeſted elbow-chairs,
And luxury the accompliſhed SOFA laſt.
The nurſe ſleeps ſweetly, hired to watch the ſi
Whom ſnoring ſhe diſturbs. As ſweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour
To ſleep within the carriage more ſecure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet ſleep enjoys the curate in his deſk;

The tedious rector drawling over his head;
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead,
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour
To slumber in the carriage more secure,
Nor sleep enjoyed by curate in his desk,
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are sweet.
Compared with the repose the SOFA yields.

Oh may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine excess. The SOFA suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a SOFA, may I never feel:
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropt by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
Over hills, through vallies, and by rivers' brink,
Ever since a truant boy I passed my bounds
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
And still remember, nor without regret
Of hours, that sorrow since has much endeared,
How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,
Still hungering, pennyless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries, that imboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not; nor the palate, undepraved

By culinary arts, unfavory deems.
No SOFA then awaited my return;
Nor SOFA then I needed. Youth repairs
His wafted fpirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring fhort fatigue; and, though our years,
As life declines, fpeed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep;
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they fpare;
The elaftic fpring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the ftile with eafe, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Refpiring freely the frefh air, that makes
Swift pace or fteep afcent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet impaired
My relifh of fair profpect; fcenes that foothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still foothing, and of power to charm me ftill.
And witnefs, dear companion of my walks,
Whofe arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Faft locked in mine, with pleafure fuch as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone infpire—
Witnefs a joy that thou haft doubled long.
Thou knoweft my praife of nature moft fincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To ferve occafions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace

Has ſlackened to a pauſe, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, ſcarce conſcious that it blew,
While admiration feeding at the eye,
And ſtill unſated, dwelt upon the ſcene.
Thence with what pleaſure have we juſt diſcerned
The diſtant plough ſlow moving, and beſide
His labouring team, that ſwerved not from the track,
The ſturdy ſwain diminiſhed to a boy!
Here Ouſe, ſlow winding through a level plain
Of ſpacious meads with cattle ſprinkled over,
Conducts the eye along his ſinuous courſe
Delighted. There, faſt rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That ſcreen the herdſman's ſolitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the ſtream
That, as with molten glaſs, inlays the vale,
The ſloping land recedes into the clouds;
Diſplaying on its varied ſide the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberleſs, ſquare tower,
Tall ſpire, from which the ſound of cheerful bells
Juſt undulates upon the liſtening ear,
Groves, heaths, and ſmoking villages, remote.
Scenes muſt be beautiful, which daily viewed
Pleaſe daily, and whoſe novelty ſurvives
Long knowledge and the ſcrutiny of years.
Praiſe juſtly due to thoſe that I deſcribe.
Nor rural ſights alone, but rural ſounds,
Exhilarate the ſpirit, and reſtore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That ſweep the ſkirt of ſome far-ſpreading wood

Of ancient growth, make mufic not unlike
The dafh of ocean on his winding fhore,
And lull the fpirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blaft,
And all their leaves faft fluttering, all at once.
Nor lefs compofure waits upon the roar
Of diftant floods, or on the fofter voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that flip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loofe pebbles, lofe themfelves at length
In matted grafs, that with a livelier green
Betrays the fecret of their filent courfe.
Nature inanimate employs fweet founds,
But animated nature fweeter ftill,
To footh and fatisfy the human ear.
Ten thoufand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor thefe alone, whofe notes
Nice fingered art muft emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that fwim fublime
In ftill repeated circles, fcreaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rifing moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themfelves and harfh,
Yet heard in fcenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, pleafe highly for their fake.
  Peace to the artift, whofe ingenious thought
Devifed the weather-houfe, that ufeful toy!
Fearlefs of humid air and gathering rains,
Forth fteps the man—an emblem of myfelf!
More delicate his timorous mate retires.

When Winter ſoaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to ſtruggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are beſt at home,
The taſk of new diſcoveries falls on me.
At ſuch a ſeaſon, and with ſuch a charge,
Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown,
A cottage, whither oft we ſince repair:
'Tis perched upon the green-hill top, but cloſe
Environed with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch, itſelf unſeen
Peeps at the vale below; ſo thick beſet
With foliage of ſuch dark redundant growth
I called the low-roofed lodge the *peasant's nest.*
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From ſuch unpleaſing ſounds, as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Inceſſant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clamorous whether pleaſed or pained,
Oft have I wiſhed the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have ſaid, at leaſt I ſhould poſſeſs
The poet's treaſure, ſilence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and ſecure.
Vain thought! the dweller in that ſtill retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
Its elevated ſcite forbids the wretch
To drink ſweet waters of the cryſtal well;
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy-laden, brings his beverage home,
Far fetched and little worth; nor ſeldom waits,
Dependant on the baker's punctual call,

To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed.
So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest!*
If solitude make scant the means of life,
Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,
Be still a pleasing object in my view;
My visit still, but never mine abode.
 Not distant far, a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorned, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns: and, in their shaded walks
And long protracted bowers, enjoyed at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us; self-deprived
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an Indian waste without a tree.
Thanks to * Benevolus—he spares me yet
These chesnuts ranged in corresponding lines;
And, though himself so polished, still reprieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade.
 Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge
We pass a gulph, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ancle deep in moss and flowery thyme,
We mount again, and feel at every step

* John Courtnay Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston Underwood.

Our

Our foot half ſunk in hillocks green and ſoft,
Raiſed by the mole, the miner of the ſoil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures earth: and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the miſchiefs he has done.
The ſummit gained, behold the proud alcove
That crowns it! yet not all its pride ſecures
The grand retreat from injuries impreſſed
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obſcure, rude name
In characters uncouth, and ſpelt amiſs.
So ſtrong the zeal to immortalize himſelf
Beats in the breaſt of man, that even a few
Few tranſient years, won from the abyſs abhorred
Of blank oblivion, ſeem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And poſted on this ſpeculative height,
Exults in its command. The ſheep-fold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants over the glebe.
At firſt, progreſſive as a ſtream, they ſeek
The middle field; but, ſcattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, ſoon whiten all the land.
There from the ſun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it paſſes ſwiftly by;
The booriſh driver leaning over his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor leſs attractive is the woodland ſcene,

Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
Over these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interposed between),
The Ouse, dividing the well-watered land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.
Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascent: between them weeps
A little naiad her impoverished urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.

The folded gates would bar my progreſs now,
But that the * lord of this encloſed demeſne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a ſhare; the guiltleſs eye
Commits no wrong, nor waſtes what it enjoys.
Refreſhing change! where now the blazing ſun?
By ſhort tranſition we have loſt his glare,
And ſtepped at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
That yet a remnant of your race ſurvives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the conſecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The chequered earth ſeems reſtleſs as a flood
Bruſhed by the wind. So ſportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and ſunſhine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every ſpot.
And now, with nerves new-braced and ſpirits cheered,
We tread the wilderneſs, whoſe well-rolled walks,
With curvature of ſlow and eaſy ſweep—
Deception innocent—give ample ſpace
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright ſhafts of whoſe tall elms
We may diſcern the threſher at his taſk.
Thump after thump reſounds the conſtant flail,

* See the foregoing note.

That ſeems to ſwing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the deſtined ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The ruſtling ſtraw ſends up a frequent miſt
Of atoms, ſparkling in the noon-day beam.
Come hither, ye that preſs your beds of down,
And ſleep not; ſee him ſweating over his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curſe,
But ſoftened into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaſeleſs action all that is ſubſiſts.
Conſtant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That nature rides upon maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An inſtant's pauſe, and lives but while ſhe moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for uſe,
Elſe noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and ſtreams,
All feel the freſhening impulſe, and are cleanſed
By reſtleſs undulation: even the oak
Thrives by the rude concuſſion of the ſtorm:
He ſeems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impreſſion of the blaſt with proud diſdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconſcious arm
He held the thunder: but the monarch owes
His firm ſtability to what he ſcorns,
More fixt below, the more diſturbed above.
The law, by which all creatures elſe are bound,
Binds man the lord of all. Himſelf derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cauſe,

From ſtrenuous toil his hours of ſweeteſt eaſe.
The ſedentary ſtretch their lazy length
When cuſtom bids, but no refreſhment find,
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deſerted of its bloom, the flaccid, ſhrunk,
And withered muſcle, and the vapid ſoul,
Reproach their owner with that love of reſt,
To which he forfeits even the reſt he loves.
Not ſuch the alert and active. Meaſure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And their's alone ſeems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its aſſociate in the moſt,
Good temper; ſpirits prompt to undertake,
And not ſoon ſpent, though in an arduous taſk;
The powers of fancy and ſtrong thought are their's;
Even age itſelf ſeems privileged in them,
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A ſparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran ſhows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful ſmiles, deſcends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almoſt without decay.
Like a coy maiden, eaſe, when courted moſt,
6artheſt retires—an idol, at whoſe ſhrine
Who ofteneſt ſacrifice are favoured leaſt.
The love of Nature, and the ſcenes ſhe draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there ſhould be found,
Who, ſelf-impriſoned in their proud ſaloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unſcented fictions of the loom;
Who, ſatisfied with only penciled ſcenes,

Prefer to the performance of a God
The inferior wonders of an artiſt's hand!
Lovely indeed the mimic works of art;
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires the painter's magic ſkill,
Who ſhows me that which I ſhall never ſee,
Conveys a diſtant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on Engliſh walls:
But imitative ſtrokes can do no more
Than pleaſe the eye—ſweet Nature's every ſenſe.
The air ſalubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And muſic of her woods—no works of man
May rival theſe; theſe all beſpeak a power
Peculiar, and excluſively her own.
Beneath the open ſky ſhe ſpreads the feaſt;
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed;
Who ſcorns it ſtarves deſervedly at home.
He does not ſcorn it, who, impriſoned long
In ſome unwholeſome dungeon, and a prey
To ſallow ſickneſs, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Eſcapes at laſt to liberty and light:
His cheek recovers ſoon its healthful hue;
His eye relumines its extinguiſhed fires;
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
And riots in the ſweets of every breeze.
He does not ſcorn it, who has long endured
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs,
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed

With acrid ſalts; his very heart athirſt
To gaze at nature in her green array,
Upon the ſhip's tall ſide he ſtands, poſſeſſed
With viſions prompted by intenſe deſire:
Fair fields appear below, ſuch as he left
Far diſtant, ſuch as he would die to find—
He ſeeks them headlong, and is ſeen no more.
  The ſpleen is ſeldom felt where Flora reigns;
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
And ſullen ſadneſs, that overſhade, diſtort,
And mar, the face of beauty, when no cauſe
For ſuch immeaſurable woe appears,
Theſe Flora baniſhes, and gives the fair
Sweet ſmiles, and bloom leſs tranſient than her own.
It is the conſtant revolution, ſtale
And taſteleſs, of the ſame repeated joys,
That palls and ſatiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health ſuffers, and the ſpirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feaſt
Is famiſhed—finds no muſic in the ſong,
No ſmartneſs in the jeſt; and wonders why.
Yet thouſands ſtill deſire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and ſhuffle, to divide and ſort
Her mingled ſuits and ſequences; and ſits,
Spectatreſs both and ſpectacle, a ſad
And ſilent cypher, while her proxy plays.

Others are dragged into the crowded room
Between ſupporters; and, once ſeated, ſit,
Through downright inability to riſe,
Till the ſtout bearers lift the corpſe again.
Theſe ſpeak a loud memento. Yet even theſe
Themſelves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet ſcorn the purpoſes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The ſlaviſh dread of ſolitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorſe, the fear of ſhame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.
  Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boaſt of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, ſaturate with dew,
Beneath the roſy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-ſpring overſhoot his humble neſt.
The peaſant too, a witneſs of his ſong,
Himſelf a ſongſter, is as gay as he.
But ſave me from the gaiety of thoſe,
Whoſe head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And ſave me too from their's, whoſe haggard eyes
Flaſh deſperation, and betray their pangs
For property ſtripped off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blaſphemy, the heart with woe.
  The earth was made ſo various, that the mind
Of deſultory man, ſtudious of change,

And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that shapeless and deformed
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.
There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid ribband bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love

With one who left her, went to ſea, and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To diſtant ſhores; and ſhe would ſit and weep
At what a ſailor ſuffers; fancy too
Deluſive moſt where warmeſt wiſhes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of tranſports ſhe was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never ſmiled again! and now ſhe roams
The dreary waſte; there ſpends the livelong day,
And there, unleſs when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered ſtill; and both but ill conceal
A boſom heaved with never-ceaſing ſighs.
She begs an idle pin of all ſhe meets,
And hoards them in her ſleeve; but needful food,
Though preſſed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinched with cold, aſks never.—Kate is crazed.
I ſee a column of ſlow riſing ſmoke
O'ertop the lofty wood, that ſkirts the wild.
A vagabond and uſeleſs tribe there eat
Their miſerable meal. A kettle, flung
Between two poles upon a ſtick tranſverſe,
Receives the morſel—fleſh obſcene of dog,
Or vermin, or at beſt of cock purloined
From his accuſtomed perch. Hard faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, juſt ſaves unquenched
The ſpark of life. The ſportive wind blows wide

Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature; and, though capable of arts,
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil!
Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers; and with dance
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
And, breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,
Need other physic none to heal the effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.
  Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many; but supply

Is obvious, placed within the eafy reach
Of temperate wifhes and induftrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper foil;
Not rude and furly, and befet with thorns,
And terrible to fight, as when fhe fprings
(If ever fhe fpring fpontaneous) in remote
And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,
And ftrength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
By culture tamed, by liberty refrefhed,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.
War and the chafe engrofs the favage whole;
War followed for revenge, or to fupplant
The envied tenants of fome happier fpot:
The chafe for fuftenance, precarious truft!
His hard condition with fevere conftraint
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wifdom, proves a fchool, in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean felf-attachment, and fcarce aught befide.
Thus fare the fhivering natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the weftern world,
Where it advances far into the deep,
Towards the Antarctic. Even the favoured ifles
So lately found, although the conftant fun
Cheer all their feafons with a grateful fmile,
Can boaft but little virtue; and inert
Through plenty, lofe in morals what they gain
In manners—victims of luxurious eafe.
Thefe therefore I can pity, placed remote
From all, that fcience traces, art invents,

Or inſpiration teaches; and encloſed
In boundleſs oceans, never to be paſſed
By navigators uninformed as they,
Or ploughed perhaps by Britiſh bark again.
But far beyond the reſt, and with moſt cauſe,
Thee, gentle * ſavage! whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curioſity perhaps,
Or elſe vain glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bowers, to ſhew thee here
With what ſuperior ſkill we can abuſe
The gifts of Providence, and ſquander life.
The dream is paſt; and thou haſt found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homeſtall thatched with leaves. But haſt thou found
Their former charms? And having ſeen our ſtate,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our ſports,
And heard our muſic; are thy ſimple friends,
Thy ſimple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Loſt nothing by compariſon with our's?
Rude as thou art, (for we returned thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward ſhow)
I cannot think thee yet ſo dull of heart
And ſpiritleſs, as never to regret
Sweets taſted here, and left as ſoon as known.
Methinks I ſee thee ſtraying on the beach,
And aſking of the ſurge, that bathes thy foot,

* Omai.

If ever it has washed our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no power of thine can raise her up.
Thus fancy paints thee, and though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.
She tells me too that duly every morn
Thou climbest the mountain top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the watery waste
For sight of ship from England. Every speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fears.
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin, well-prepared
To dream all night of what the day denied.
Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
And must be bribed to compass earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than your's.
But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft: in proud and gay
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on most minds

Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In groſs and pampered cities ſloth and luſt,
And wantonneſs and gluttonous exceſs.
In cities vice is hidden with moſt eaſe,
Or ſeen with leaſt reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapſe, can hope no triumph there
Beyond the achievement of ſucceſsful flight.
I do confeſs them nurſeries of the arts
In which they flouriſh moſt; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect ſize.
Such London is, by taſte and wealth proclaimed
The faireſt capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worſt.
There, touched by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature ſees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a ſtone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chiſſel occupy alone
The powers of ſculpture, but the ſtyle as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice inciſion of her guided ſteel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a ſoil
So ſterile with what charms ſoever ſhe will,
The richeſt ſcenery and the lovelieſt forms.
Where finds philoſophy her eagle eye,
With which ſhe gazes at yon burning diſk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his ſpots?
In London: where her implements exact,

With which ſhe calculates, computes, and ſcans,
All diſtance, motion, magnitude, and now
Meaſures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce ſuch a mart,
So rich, ſo thronged, ſo drained, and ſo ſupplied,
As London—opulent, enlarged, and ſtill
Increaſing, London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than ſhe,
A more accompliſhed world's chief glory now.
She has her praiſe. Now mark a ſpot or two
That ſo much beauty would do well to purge;
And ſhow this queen of cities, that ſo fair
May yet be foul; ſo witty, yet not wiſe.
It is not ſeemly, nor of good report,
That ſhe is ſlack in diſcipline; more prompt
To avenge than to prevent the breach of law:
That ſhe is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
To peculators of the public gold;
That thieves at home muſt hang; but he, that puts
Into his overgorged and bloated purſe
The wealth of Indian provinces, eſcapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, ſhe has preſumed to annul
And abrogate, as roundly as ſhe may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing faſhion to the poſt of truth,
And centering all authority in modes

And cuſtoms of her own, till ſabbath rites
Have dwindled into unreſpected forms,
And knees and haſſocks are well-nigh divorced.
God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make ſweet the bitter draught,
That life holds out to all, ſhould moſt abound
And leaſt be threatened in the fields and groves?
Poſſeſs ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and ſedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleneſs, and taſte no ſcenes
But ſuch as art contrives, poſſeſs ye ſtill
Your element; there only can ye ſhine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to conſole at noon
The penſive wanderer in their ſhades. At eve
The moon-beam, ſliding ſoftly in between
The ſleeping leaves, is all the light they wiſh,
Birds warbling all the muſic. We can ſpare
The ſplendour of your lamps; they but eclipſe
Our ſofter ſatellite. Your ſongs confound
Our more harmonious notes: the thruſh departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public miſchief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly ſuch as your's,
Graced with a ſword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could never have done,
Our arch of empire, ſtedfaſt but for you,
A mutilated ſtructure, ſoon to fall.

THE TASK.

BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

The Argument.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book. —Peace among the nations recommended, on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow.—Prodigies enumerated.—Sicilian earthquakes.—Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin.—God the agent in them.—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved.—Our own late miscarriages accounted for.—Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainbleau.—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation.—The Reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons.—Petit-maitre Parson.—The good preacher.—Pictures of a theatrical clerical coxcomb.—Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved.—Apostrophe to popular applause.—Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with.—Sum of the whole matter. —Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity.—Their folly and extravagance.—The mischiefs of profusion. —Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,

Of unſucceſsful or ſucceſsful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My ſoul is ſick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
There is no fleſh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is ſevered as the flax,
That falls aſunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a ſkin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for ſuch a worthy cauſe
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
Lands interſected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpoſed
Make enemies of nations, who had elſe
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and deſtroys;
And, worſe than all, and moſt to be deplored
As human nature's broadeſt, fouleſt blot,
Chains him, and taſks him, and exacts his ſweat
With ſtripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when ſhe ſees inflicted on a beaſt.
Then what is man? And what man, ſeeing this,
And having human feelings, does not bluſh,
And hang his head, to think himſelf a man?
I would not have a ſlave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I ſleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth,
That ſinews bought and ſold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's

Juſt eſtimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myſelf the ſlave,
And wear the bonds, than faſten them on him.
We have no ſlaves at home.—Then why abroad?
And they themſelves once ferried over the wave,
That parts us, are emancipate and looſed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their ſhackles fall.
That is noble, and beſpeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the bleſſing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.
Sure there is need of ſocial intercourſe,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world, that ſeems
To toll the death-bell of its own deceaſe,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the general doom*. When were the winds
Let ſlip with ſuch a warrant to deſtroy?
When did the waves ſo haughtily overleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors † from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the ſkies; and the old
And crazy earth has had her ſhaking fits

* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.

† Auguſt 18, 1783.

More frequent, and foregone her ufual reft.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet feem to fail,
And Nature * with a dim and fickly eye
To wait the clofe of all? But grant her end
More diftant, and that prophecy demands
A longer refpite, unaccomplifhed yet;
Still they are frowning fignals, and befpeak
Difpleafure in his breaft, who fmites the earth
Or heals it, makes it languifh or rejoice.
And 'tis but feemly, that, where all deferve
And ftand expofed by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there fhould be peace,
And brethren in calamity fhould love.
Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie fcattered, where the fhapely column ftood.
Her palaces are duft. In all her ftreets
The voice of finging and the fprightly chord
Are filent. Revelry, and dance, and fhow
Suffer a fyncope and folemn paufe;
While God performs upon the trembling ftage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him?—With what figns
Of gratulation and delight her king?
Pours fhe not all her choiceft fruits abroad,
Her fweeteft flowers, her aromatic gums,
Difclofing paradife wherever he treads?

* Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Afia during the whole fummer of 1783.

She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders, through a thouſand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains ſmoke,
For he has touched them. From the extremeſt point
Of elevation down into the abyſs
His wrath is buſy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies riſe,
The rivers die into offenſive pools,
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a groſs
And mortal nuiſance into all the air.
What ſolid was, by transformation ſtrange,
Grows fluid; and the fix'd and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and ſwells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey inſatiable. Immenſe
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every ſide,
And fugitive in vain. The ſylvan ſcene
Migrates uplifted; and, with all its ſoil
Alighting in far diſtant fields, finds out
A new poſſeſſor, and ſurvives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and overbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice,
Which winds and waves obey, invades the ſhore
Reſiſtleſs. Never ſuch a ſudden flood,
Upridged ſo high, and ſent on ſuch a charge,
Poſſeſſed an inland ſcene. Where now the throng,

That preſſed the beach, and, haſty to depart,
Looked to the ſea for ſafety? They are gone,
Gone with the refluent wave into the deep—
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy ſcenes,
Where beauty oft and lettered worth conſume
Life in the unproductive ſhades of death,
Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy in their unforeſeen releaſe
From all the rigours of reſtraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day, that ſets them free.
Who then that has thee, would not hold thee faſt,
Freedom! whom they that loſe thee ſo regret,
That even a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy ſake.
 Such evil ſin hath wrought; and ſuch a flame
Kindled in heaven, that it burns down to earth,
And in the furious inqueſt, that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waſte his faireſt works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The miniſter of man, to ſerve his wants,
Conſpire againſt him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood; and cannot uſe
Life's neceſſary means, but he muſt die. [winds
Storms riſe to overwhelm him: or, if ſtormy
Riſe not, the waters of the deep ſhall riſe,
And, needing none aſſiſtance of the ſtorm,
Shall roll themſelves aſhore, and reach him there.
The earth ſhall ſhake him out of all his holds,
Or make his houſe his grave: nor ſo content,

Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dufty gulphs.
What then!—were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whofe faft anchored ifle
Moved not, while their's was rocked, like a light fkiff,
The fport of every wave? No: none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But, where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the fhafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choofe his mark:
May punifh, if he pleafe, the lefs, to warn
The more malignant. If he fpared not them,
Tremble and be amazed at thine efcape,
Far guiltier England, left he fpare not thee!
    Happy the man, who fees a God employed
In all the good and ill, that chequer life!
Refolving all events, with their effects
And manifold refults, into the will
And arbitration wife of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The leaft of our concerns (fince from the leaft
The greateft oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or difpofe
One lawlefs particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be furprifed, and unforefeen
Contingence might alarm him, and difturb
The fmooth and equal courfe of his affairs.
This truth philofophy, though eagle eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his inftrument, forgets,
Or difregards, or, more prefumptuous ftill,

Denies the power, that wields it. God proclaims
His hot difpleafure againft foolifh men,
That live an atheift life: involves the heaven
In tempefts: quits his grafp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the fkin,
And putrify the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his fhrivelled lips,
And taints the golden ear. He fprings his mines,
And defolates a nation at a blaft.
Forth fteps the fpruce philofopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and difcordant fprings
And principles; of caufes, how they work
By neceffary laws their fure effects;
Of action and re-action. He has found
The fource of the difeafe, that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banifh fear.
Thou fool! will thy difcovery of the caufe
Sufpend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means fince firft he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation lefs
Than a capacious refervoir of means
Formed for his ufe, and ready at his will?
Go, drefs thine eyes with eye-falve; afk of him,
Or afk of whomfoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine caufe of all.
England, with all thy faults, I love thee ftill—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,

Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced over
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,

And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell thoſe honours, and farewell with them
The hope of ſuch hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of ſmiling victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-ſick of his country's ſhame!
They made us many ſoldiers. Chatham, ſtill
Conſulting England's happineſs at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, wherever he fought,
Put ſo much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were ſwift to follow whom all loved.
Thoſe ſuns are ſet. Oh riſe ſome other ſuch!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and deſpair of new.
Now hoiſt the ſail, and let the ſtreamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and ſprinkle liquid ſweets,
That no rude ſavour maritime invade
The noſe of nice nobility! Breathe ſoft
Ye clarionets; and ſofter ſtill ye flutes;
That winds and waters, lulled by magic ſounds,
May bear us ſmoothly to the Gallic ſhore!
True, we have loſt an empire—let it paſs.
True; we may thank the perfidy of France,
That picked the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious ſhrew.
And let that paſs—'twas but a trick of ſtate!

A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direſt foe a friend's embrace.
And, ſhamed as we have been, to the very beard
Braved and defied, and in our own ſea proved
Too weak for thoſe deciſive blows, that once
Enſured us maſtery there, we yet retain
Some ſmall pre-eminence; we juſtly boaſt
At leaſt ſuperior jockeyſhip, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own!
Go then, well worthy of the praiſe ye ſeek,
And ſhow the ſhame, ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes! be grooms and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!—
'Tis generous to communicate your ſkill
To thoſe that need it. Folly is ſoon learned:
And under ſuch preceptors who can fail!
 There is a pleaſure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. The ſhifts and turns,
The expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind reſorts, in chaſe of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
To arreſt the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them faſt,
And force them ſit, till he has penciled off
A faithful likeneſs of the forms he views;
Then to diſpoſe his copies with ſuch art,
That each may find its moſt propitious light,
And ſhine by ſituation, hardly leſs
Than by the labour and the ſkill it coſt;

Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleafing, and that fteal away the thought
With fuch addrefs from themes of fad import,
That, loft in his own mufings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that fings. But ah! not fuch,
Or feldom fuch, the hearers of his fong.
Faftidious, or elfe liftlefs, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a tafk
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or efcapes, and haply find
There leaft amufement where he found the moft.
But is amufement all? ftudious of fong,
And yet ambitious not to fing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudeft in their praife, who do no more.
Yet what can fatire, whether grave or gay?
It may correct a foible, may chaftife
The freaks of fafhion, regulate the drefs,
Retrench a fword-blade, or difplace a patch;
But where are its fublimer trophies found?
What vice has it fubdued? whofe heart reclaimed
By rigour, or whom laughed into reform?
Alas! Leviathan is not fo tamed:
Laughed at he laughs again; and ftricken hard
Turns to the ftroke his adamantine fcales,
That fear no difcipline of human hands.
  The pulpit, therefore (and I name it filled
With folemn awe, that bids me well beware.

With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
The pulpit (when the fatyrift has at laft,
Strutting and vapouring in an empty fchool,
Spent all his force and made no profelyte)—
I fay the pulpit (in the fober ufe
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Muft ftand acknowledged, while the world fhall ftand,
The moft important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of virtue's caufe.
There ftands the meffenger of truth: there ftands
The legate of the fkies!—His theme divine,
His office facred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law fpeaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in ftrains as fweet
As angels ufe, the gofpel whifpers peace.
He ftablifhes the ftrong, reftores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himfelf in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnifhes with arms,
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy difcipline, to glorious war,
The facramental hoft of God's elect!
Are all fuch teachers?—would to heaven all were!
But hark—the doctor's voice!—faft wedged between
Two empirics he ftands, and with fwoln cheeks
Infpires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
Than all invective is his bold harangue,
While through that public organ of report
He hails the clergy; and, defying fhame,
Announces to the world his own and their's!

He teaches those to read, whom schools dismissed,
And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer
The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
He grinds divinity of other days
Down into modern use; transforms old print
To zig-zag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.
Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?
Oh, name it not in Gath!—it cannot be,
That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.
He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!
I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,

And well prepared, by ignorance and floth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a finecure; a flave
To his own pleafures and his patron's pride:
From fuch apoftles, oh ye mitred heads,
Preferve the church! and lay not carelefs hands
On fculls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.
  Would I defcribe a preacher, fuch as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul fhould himfelf direct me. I would trace
His mafter-ftrokes, and draw from his defign.
I would exprefs him fimple, grave, fincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, folemn, chafte,
And natural in gefture; much impreffed
Himfelf, as confcious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in addrefs, as well becomes
A meffenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the roftrum with a fkip,
And then fkip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote,
Juft fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whifper clofe the fcene!
  In man or woman, but far moft in man,
And moft of all in man that minifters
And ferves the altar, in my foul I loath
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect fcorn;

Object of my implacable difguft.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A filly fond conceit of his fair form,
And juft proportion, fafhionable mien,
And pretty face, in prefence of his God?
Or will he feek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, proftitutes and fhames
His noble office, and inftead of truth,
Difplaying his own beauty, ftarves his flock!
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and ftare,
And ftart theatric, practifed at the glafs!
I feek divine fimplicity in him,
Who handles things divine; and all befides,
Though learned with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nafal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Mifled by cuftom, ftrain celeftial themes
Through the preft noftril, fpectacle-beftrid.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That tafk performed, relapfe into themfelves;
And having fpoken wifely at the clofe
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoever was edified, themfelves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—Firft we ftroke
An eye-brow; next compofe a ftraggling lock;
Then with an air moft gracefully performed

Fall back into our ſeat, extend an arm
And lay it at its eaſe with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand more buſy gives the noſe
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera glaſs, to watch the moving ſcene,
And recognize the ſlow-retiring fair.—
Now this is fulſome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman ſlovenly neglect
And ruſtic coarſeneſs would. An heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her houſe of clay,
And ſlight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body ſo fantaſtic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge an heavenly mind—demands a doubt.
He, that negotiates between God and man
As God's ambaſſador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, ſhould beware
Of lightneſs in his ſpeech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you ſhould woo a ſoul;
To break a jeſt, when pity would inſpire
Pathetic exhortation; and to addreſs
The ſkittiſh fancy with facetious tales,
When ſent with God's commiſſion to the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I conſent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till ſides and benches fail.
No: he was ſerious in a ſerious cauſe,
And underſtood too well the weighty terms

That he had taken in charge. He would not ſtoop
To conquer thoſe by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and ſoberneſs aſſailed in vain.
Oh popular applauſe! what heart of man
Is proof againſt thy ſweet ſeducing charms?
The wiſeſt and the beſt feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentleſt gales;
But ſwelled into a guſt—who then alas!
With all his canvaſs ſet, and inexpert,
And therefore heedleſs, can withſtand thy power?
Praiſe from the riveled lips of toothleſs bald
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
And craving poverty, and in the bow
Reſpectful of the ſmutched artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much diſturb
The bias of the purpoſe. How much more,
Poured forth by beauty ſplendid and polite,
In language ſoft as adoration breathes?
Ah ſpare your idol! think him human ſtill.
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!
Dote not too much, nor ſpoil what ye admire.
All truth is from the ſempiternal ſource
Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
Drew from the ſtream below. More favoured we
Drink, when we chooſe it, at the fountain head.
To them it flowed much mingled and defiled
With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
Illuſive of philoſophy, ſo called,
But falſely. Sages after ſages ſtrove
In vain to filter off a cryſtal draught

Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
The thirſt than ſlaked it, and not ſeldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild.
In vain they puſhed inquiry to the birth
And ſpring-time of the world! aſked, Whence is
man?
Why formed at all? and wherefore as he is?
Where muſt he find his Maker? with what rites
Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bleſs?
Or does he ſit regardleſs of his works?
Has man within him an immortal ſeed?
Or does the tomb take all? If he ſurvive
His aſhes, where? and in what weal or woe?
Knots worthy of ſolution, which alone
A Deity could ſolve. Their anſwers, vague
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themſelves. Their rules of life
Defective and unſanctioned, proved too weak
To bind the roving appetite, and lead
Blind nature to a God not yet revealed.
'Tis revelation ſatisfies all doubts,
Explains all myſteries, except her own,
And ſo illuminates the path of life,
That fools diſcover it, and ſtray no more.
Now tell me, dignified and ſapient ſir,
My man of morals, nurtured in the ſhades
Of Academus—is this falſe or true?
Is Chriſt the abler teacher, or the ſchools?
If Chriſt, then why reſort at every turn
To Athens or to Rome, for wiſdom ſhort
Of man's occaſions, when in him reſide

Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathomed ſtore?
How oft, when Paul has ſerved us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached!
Men that, if now alive, would ſit content
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
Their thirſt of knowledge, and their candour too!
And thus it is.—The paſtor, either vain
By nature, or by flattery made ſo, taught
To gaze at his own ſplendour, and to exalt
Abſurdly, not his office, but himſelf;
Or unenlightened, and too proud to learn;
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;
Perverting often, by the ſtreſs of lewd
And looſe example, whom he ſhould inſtruct;
Expoſes, and holds up to broad diſgrace,
The nobleſt function, and diſcredits much
The brighteſt truths, that man has ever ſeen.
For ghoſtly counſel; if it either fall
Below the exigence, or be not backed
With ſhow of love, at leaſt with hopeful proof
Of ſome ſincerity on the giver's part;
Or be diſhonoured in the exterior form
And mode of its conveyance by ſuch tricks,
As move deriſion, or by foppiſh airs
And hiſtrionic mummery, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the ſtage;
Drops from the lips a diſregarded thing.
The weak perhaps are moved, but are not taught,
While prejudice in men of ſtronger minds

Takes deeper root, confirmed by what they ſee.
A relaxation of religion's hold
Upon the roving and untutored heart
Soon follows, and, the curb of conſcience ſnapt,
The laity run wild.—But do they now?
Note their extravagance, and be convinced.
As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
A wooden one; ſo we, no longer taught
By monitors, that mother church ſupplies,
Now make our own. Poſterity will aſk
(If e'er poſterity ſee verſe of mine)
Some fifty or an hundred luſtrums hence,
What was a monitor in George's days?
My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
Of whom I needs muſt augur better things,
Since heaven would ſure grow weary of a world
Productive only of a race like our's,
A monitor is wood—plank ſhaven thin.
We wear it at our backs. There, cloſely braced
And neatly fitted, it compreſſes hard
The prominent and moſt unſightly bones,
And binds the ſhoulders flat. We prove its uſe
Sovereign and moſt effectual to ſecure
A form, not now gymnaſtic as of yore,
From rickets and diſtortion, elſe our lot.
But, thus admoniſhed, we can walk erect—
One proof at leaſt of manhood! while the friend
Sticks cloſe, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
Our habits, coſtlier than Lucullus wore,
And by caprice as multiplied as his.

Juſt pleaſe us while the faſhion is at full,
But change with every moon. The ſycophant,
Who waits to dreſs us, arbitrates their date;
Surveys his fair reverſion with keen eye;
Finds one ill made, another obſolete,
This fits not nicely, that is ill conceived;
And, making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Variety's the very ſpice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. We have run
Through every change, that fancy at the loom
Exhauſted has had genius to ſupply;
And, ſtudious of mutation ſtill, diſcard
A real elegance, a little uſed,
For monſtrous novelty and ſtrange diſguiſe.
We ſacrifice to dreſs, till houſehold joys
And comforts ceaſe. Dreſs drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires;
And introduces hunger, froſt, and woe,
Where peace and hoſpitality might reign.
What man that lives, and that knows how to live,
Would fail to exhibit at the public ſhows
A form as ſplendid as the proudeſt there,
Though appetite raiſe outcries at the coſt?
A man of the town dines late, but ſoon enough,
With reaſonable forecaſt and diſpatch,
To inſure a ſide box ſtation at half price.
You think perhaps ſo delicate his dreſs,
His daily fare as delicate. Alas!
He picks clean teeth, and, buſy as he ſeems

With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet!
The rout is folly's circle, which ſhe draws
With magic wand. So potent is the ſpell,
That none, decoyed into that fatal ring,
Unleſs by heaven's peculiar grace, eſcape.
There we grow early gray, but never wiſe;
There form connexions, but acquire no friend;
Solicit pleaſure hopeleſs of ſucceſs;
Waſte youth in occupations only fit
For ſecond childhood, and devote old age
To ſports, which only childhood could excuſe.
There they are happieſt, who diſſemble beſt
Their wearineſs; and they the moſt polite,
Who ſquander time and treaſure with a ſmile,
Though at their own deſtruction. She, that aſks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They (what can they leſs?)
Make juſt repriſals; and with cringe and ſhrug
And bow obſequious, hide their hate of her.
All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace,
Whoſe flambeaux flaſh againſt the morning ſkies,
And gild our chamber ceilings as they paſs,
To her, who frugal only that her thrift
May feed exceſſes ſhe can ill afford,
Is hackneyed home unlacqueyed; who in haſte
Alighting turns the key in her own door,
And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.
Wives beggar huſbands, huſbands ſtarve their wives,
On fortune's velvet altar offering up

Their laſt poor pittance—fortune, moſt ſevere
Of goddeſſes yet known, and coſtlier far
Than all, that held their routs in Juno's heaven.—
So fare we in this priſon-houſe the world;
And 'tis a fearful ſpectacle to ſee
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links, that hold them faſt,
With eyes of anguiſh, execrate their lot,
Then ſhake them in deſpair, and dance again!
 Now baſket up the family of plagues,
That waſte our vitals; peculation, ſale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by ſubterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen
As the neceſſities their authors feel;
Then caſt them, cloſely bundled, every brat
At the right door. Profuſion is the fire.
Profuſion unreſtrained, with all that's baſe
In character, has littered all the land,
And bred, within the memory of no few,
A prieſthood, ſuch as Baal's was of old,
A people, ſuch as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice:—it eats up all,
That gives ſociety its beauty, ſtrength,
Convenience, and ſecurity, and uſe:
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapped
And gibbeted, as faſt as catchpole claws
Can ſeize the ſlippery prey: unties the knot
Of union, and converts the ſacred band,
That holds mankind together, to a ſcourge.

Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for its ruin: hardens, blinds,
And warps, the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at virtue; mock the fools
That trust them; and in the end disclose a face,
That would have shocked credulity herself,
Unmasked, vouchsafing this their sole excuse—
Since all alike are selfish, why not they?
This does profusion, and the accursed cause
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpaired.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blushed at its own praise; and press the youth
Close to his side, that pleased him. Learning grew
Beneath his care a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well informed, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,

That one among ſo many overleaped
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew ſtern, and darted a ſevere rebuke:
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with ſuch fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Loſt favour back again, and cloſed the breach.
But Diſcipline, a faithful ſervant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years:
A palſy ſtruck his arm; his ſparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age: his voice unſtrung
Grew tremulous, and moved deriſion more
Than reverence in perverſe rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Diſcipline at length
O'erlooked and unemployed fell ſick and died.
Then ſtudy languiſhed, emulation ſlept,
And virtue fled. The ſchools became a ſcene
Of ſolemn farce, where Ignorance in ſtilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the ſcholar's part,
Proceeding ſoon a graduated dunce.
Then compromiſe had place, and ſcrutiny
Became ſtone blind; precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whoſe purſe was ſo.
A diſſolution of all bonds enſued;
The curbs invented for the muliſh mouth
Of head-ſtrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew ruſty by diſuſe; and maſſy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch;

Till gowns at length are found mere maſquerade,
The taſſeled cap and the ſpruce band a jeſt,
A mockery of the world! What need of theſe
For gameſters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted ſportſmen, oftener ſeen
With belted waiſt and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot;
And ſuch expence, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is ſquandered in purſuit of idle ſports
And vicious pleaſures; buys the boy a name,
That ſits a ſtigma on his father's houſe,
And cleaves through life inſeparably cloſe
To him, that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world, that muſt receive him ſoon,
Add to ſuch erudition, thus acquired,
Where ſcience and where virtue are profeſſed?
They may confirm his habits, rivet faſt
His folly, but to ſpoil him is a taſk,
That bids defiance to the united powers
Of faſhion, diſſipation, taverns, ſtews.
Now blame we moſt the nurſlings or the nurſe?
The children crooked, and twiſted, and deformed,
Through want of care; or her, whoſe winking eye
And ſlumbering oſcitancy mars the brood?
The nurſe no doubt. Regardleſs of her charge
She needs herſelf correction; needs to learn,
That it is dangerous ſporting with the world,

With things ſo ſacred as a nation's truſt,
The nurture of her youth, her deareſt pledge.
All are not ſuch. I had a brother once—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too!
Of manners ſweet as virtue always wears,
When gay good-nature dreſſes her in ſmiles.
He graced a college *, in which order yet
Was ſacred; and was honoured, loved, and wept,
By more than one, themſelves conſpicuous there.
Some minds are tempered happily, and mixt
With ſuch ingredients of good ſenſe, and taſte
Of what is excellent in man, they thirſt
With ſuch a zeal to be what they approve,
That no reſtraints can circumſcribe them more
Than they themſelves by choice, for wiſdom's ſake;
Nor can example hurt them: what they ſee
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their juſt eſteem.
If ſuch eſcape contagion, and emerge
Pure from ſo foul a pool to ſhine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themſelves,
Small thanks to thoſe, whoſe negligence of ſloth
Expoſed their inexperience to the ſnare,
And left them to an undirected choice.
See then the quiver broken and decayed,
In which are kept our arrows! Ruſting there
In wild diſorder, and unfit for uſe,

* Ben'et Coll. Cambridge.

What wonder if, discharged into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine!
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war
With such artillery armed. Vice parries wide
The undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.
 Have we not tracked the felon home, and found
His birth place and his dam? The country mourns,
Mourns because every plague, that can infest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of the edifice, that policy has raised,
Swarms in all quarters: meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at every turn.
Profusion breeds them; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the robed pedagogue! Else let the arraigned
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.
So, when the Jewish leader stretched his arm,
And waved his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were covered with the pest; the streets were filled;
The croaking nuisance lurked in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scaped;
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.

THE TASK.

BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

The Argument.

Self-recollection and reproof.—Addreſs to domeſtic happineſs.—Some account of myſelf.—The vanity of many of their purſuits who are reputed wiſe.—Juſtification of my cenſures.—Divine illumination neceſſary to the moſt expert philoſopher.—The queſtion, What is truth? anſwered by other queſtions.—Domeſtic happineſs addreſſed again. — Few lovers of the country.—My tame hare.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing. —Greenhouſe.—Sowing of flower-ſeeds.—The country preferable to the town even in the winter.—Reaſons why it is deſerted at that ſeaſon.—Ruinous effects of gaming and of expenſive improvement.—Book concludes with an apoſtrophe to the metropolis.

As one, who long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled winds now this way and now that
His devious courſe uncertain, ſeeking home;
Or, having long in miry ways been foiled
And ſore diſcomfited, from ſlough to ſlough
Plunging and half deſpairing of eſcape;

If chance at length he find a greenſward ſmooth
And faithful to the foot, his ſpirits riſe,
He chirrups briſk his ear-erecting ſteed,
And winds his way with pleaſure and with eaſe;
So I, deſigning other themes, and called
To adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its ſlumbers, and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide. In country, city, ſeat
Of academic fame (howe'er deſerved),
Long held, and ſcarcely diſengaged at laſt.
But now with pleaſant pace a cleanlier road
I mean to tread. I feel myſelf at large,
Courageous and refreſhed for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new.
  Since pulpits fail, and ſounding boards reflect
Moſt part an empty ineffectual ſound,
What chance that I to fame ſo little known,
Nor converſant with men or manners much,
Should ſpeak to purpoſe, or with better hope
Crack the ſatiric thong? 'Twere wiſer far
For me, enamoured of ſequeſtered ſcenes,
And charmed with rural beauty, to repoſe,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when ſummer ſears the plains;
Or, when rough winter rages, on the ſoft
And ſheltered Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth;
There, undiſturbed by folly, and apprized
How great the danger of diſturbing her,
To muſe in ſilence, or at leaſt confine

Remarks, that gall ſo many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Diſguſt concealed
Is oft-times proof of wiſdom, when the fault
Is obſtinate, and cure beyond our reach.
Domeſtic happineſs, thou only bliſs
Of Paradiſe, that haſt ſurvived the fall!
Though few now taſte thee unimpaired and pure,
Or taſting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preſerve thy ſweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper ſheds into thy cryſtal cup;
Thou art the nurſe of virtue, in thine arms
She ſmiles, appearing, as in truth ſhe is,
Heaven-born, and deſtined to the ſkies again.
Thou art not known where pleaſure is adored,
That reeling goddeſs with the zoneleſs waiſt
And wandering eyes, ſtill leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle frail ſupport;
For thou art meek and conſtant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys, that her ſtormy raptures never yield.
Forſaking thee what ſhipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!
Till proſtitution elbows us aſide
In all our crowded ſtreets; and ſenates ſeem
Convened for purpoſes of empire leſs,
Than to releaſe the adultreſs from her bond.
The adultreſs! what a theme for angry verſe!
What provocation to the indignant heart,
That feels for injured love! but I diſdain

The nauſeous taſk to paint her as ſhe is,
Cruel, abandoned, glorying in her ſhame!
No:—let her paſs, and chariotted along
In guilty ſplendour ſhake the public ways;
The frequency of crimes has waſhed them white,
And verſe of mine ſhall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now of character unſmirched,
And chaſte themſelves, are not aſhamed to own.
Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time
Not to be paſſed: and ſhe, that had renounced
Her ſex's honour, was renounced herſelf
By all that prized it; not for prudery's ſake,
But dignity's, reſentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif,
Deſirous to return, and not received:
But was an wholeſome rigour in the main,
And taught the unblemiſhed to preſerve with care
That purity, whoſe loſs was loſs of all.
Men too were nice in honour in thoſe days,
And judged offenders well. Then he that ſharped,
And pocketted a prize by fraud obtained,
Was marked and ſhunned as odious. He that ſold
His country, or was ſlack when ſhe required
His every nerve in action and at ſtretch,
Paid with the blood, that he had baſely ſpared,
The price of his default. But now—yes, now,
We are become ſo candid and ſo fair,
So liberal in conſtruction, and ſo rich
In chriſtian charity, (good-natured age!)
That they are ſafe, ſinners of either ſex,

Tranſgreſs what laws they may. Well dreſſed, well
bred,
Well equipaged, is ticket good enough
To paſs us readily through every door.
Hypocriſy, deteſt her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit ſtill—that ſhe admits
The worth of what ſhe mimics with ſuch care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applauſe;
But ſhe has burnt her maſk not needed here,
Where vice has ſuch allowance, that her ſhifts
And ſpecious ſemblances have loſt their uſe.
I was a ſtricken deer, that left the herd
Long ſince; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting ſide was charged, when I withdrew
To ſeek a tranquil death in diſtant ſhades.
There was I found by one, who had himſelf
Been hurt by the archers. In his ſide he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel ſcars.
With gentle force ſoliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.
Since then, with few aſſociates, in remote
And ſilent woods I wander, far from thoſe
My former partners of the peopled ſcene;
With few aſſociates, and not wiſhing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I ſee that all are wanderers, gone aſtray
Each in his own deluſions; they are loſt
In chaſe of fancied happineſs, ſtill wooed

And never won. Dream after dream enſues;
And ſtill they dream that they ſhall ſtill ſucceed,
And ſtill are diſappointed. Rings the world
With the vain ſtir. I ſum up half mankind,
And add two thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly,
That ſpreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,
To ſport their ſeaſon, and be ſeen no more.
The reſt are ſober dreamers, grave and wiſe,
And pregnant with diſcoveries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known; and call the rant
An hiſtory: deſcribe the man, of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paint his perſon, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They diſentangle from the puzzled ſkein,
In which obſcurity has wrapped them up,
The threads of politic and ſhrewd deſign,
That ran through all his purpoſes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Or having kept concealed. Some drill and bore
The ſolid earth, and from the ſtrata there
Extract a regiſter, by which we learn,
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moſes, was miſtaken in its age.
Some, more acute, and more induſtrious ſtill,
Contrive creation; travel nature up

To the fharp peak of her fublimeft height,
And tell us whence the ftars; why fome are fixed,
And planetary fome; what gave them firft
Rotation, from what fountain flowed their light.
Great conteft follows, and much learned duft
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth difclaiming both. And thus they fpend
The little wick of life's poor fhallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To diftant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Is't not a pity now, that tickling rheums
Should ever teafe the lungs, and blear the fight
Of oracles like thefe? Great pity too,
That having wielded the elements, and built
A thoufand fyftems, each in his own way,
They fhould go out in fume, and be forgot?
Ah! what is life thus fpent? and what are they
But frantic, who thus fpend it? all for fmoke—
Eternity for bubbles proves at laft
A fenfelefs bargain. When I fee fuch games
Played by the creatures of a power, who fwears
That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
To a fharp reckoning, that has lived in vain;
And when I weigh this feeming wifdom well,
And prove it in the infallible refult
So hollow and fo falfe—I feel my heart
Diffolve in pity, and account the learned,
If this be learning, moft of all deceived.
Great crimes alarm the confcience, but it fleeps,
While thoughtful man is plaufibly amufed.

Defend me therefore common ſenſe, ſay I,
From reveries ſo airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!
'Twere well, ſays one ſage erudite, profound,
Terribly arched and aquiline his noſe,
And overbuilt with moſt impending brows,
'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleaſes. What's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As ſweet as charity from human breaſts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exerciſe all functions of a man.
How then ſhould I and any man that lives
Be ſtrangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimſon ſtream meandering there,
And catechiſe it well; apply thy glaſs,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own: and, if it be,
What edge of ſubtlety canſt thou ſuppoſe
Keen enough, wiſe and ſkilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind?
True; I am no proficient, I confeſs,
In arts like your's. I cannot call the ſwift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themſelves in earth beneath;
I cannot analyſe the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder luminous point,
That ſeems half quenched in the immenſe abyſs:

Such powers I boaſt not—neither can I reſt
A ſilent witneſs of the headlong rage,
Or heedleſs folly, by which thouſands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred ſouls to mine.
God never meant that man ſhould ſcale the heavens
By ſtrides of human wiſdom. In his works,
Though wondrous, he commands us in his word
To ſeek him rather, where his mercy ſhines.
The mind indeed, enlightened from above,
Views him in all; aſcribes to the grand cauſe
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture taſtes his ſtyle.
But never yet did philoſophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of obſervation, and diſcovers, elſe
Not viſible, his family of worlds,
Diſcover him, that rules them; ſuch a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her author more;
From inſtrumental cauſes proud to draw
Concluſions retrograde, and mad miſtake.
But if his word once teach us, ſhoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiſcerned but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philoſophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all ſhe ſees
As meant to indicate a God to man,

Gives *him* his praiſe, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne ſuch fruit in other days
On all her branches: piety has found
Friends in the friends of ſcience, and true prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Caſtalian dews.
Such was thy wiſdom, Newton, childlike ſage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word ſagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whoſe genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna! And ſuch thine, in whom
Our Britiſh Themis gloried with juſt cauſe,
Immortal Hale! for deep diſcernment praiſed,
And ſound integrity, not more than famed
For ſanctity of manners undefiled.
All fleſh is graſs, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower diſhevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream:
The man we celebrate muſt find a tomb,
And we that worſhip him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof againſt the general curſe
Of vanity, that ſeizes all below.
The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only laſting treaſure, truth.
But what is truth? 'twas Pilate's queſtion put
To Truth itſelf, that deigned him no reply.
And wherefore? will not God impart his light
To them that aſk it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature, to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, inſincere,
Or negligent, inquirer not a ſpark.

What's that, which brings contempt upon a book
And him who writes it, though the ſtyle be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a miniſter in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of more,
name a theme for praiſe and for reproach?—
That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up;
But which the poor, and the deſpiſed of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unſought?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.
O friendly to the beſt purſuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domeſtic life in rural leiſure paſſed!
Few know thy value, and few taſte thy ſweets;
Though many boaſt thy favours, and affect
To underſtand and chooſe thee for their own.
But fooliſh man foregoes his proper bliſs,
E'en as his firſt progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in paradiſe, (for earth has ſtill
Some traces of her youthful beauty left)
Subſtantial happineſs for tranſient joy.
Scenes formed for contemplation, and to nurſe
The growing ſeeds of wiſdom; that ſuggeſt,
By every pleaſing image they preſent,
Reflections ſuch as meliorate the heart,
Compoſe the paſſions, and exalt the mind;
Scenes ſuch as theſe

To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We persecute, annihilate the tribes,
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale
Fearless and rapt away from all his cares;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye;
Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
Be quelled in all our summer-months' retreat;
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade.
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought,
For all the savage din of the swift pack,
And clamours of the field?—Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs?
Vain tears, alas, and sighs, that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
Well—one at least is safe. One sheltered hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
[illegible]er woes.

Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at laſt familiar; ſhe has loſt
Much of her vigilant inſtinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou mayeſt eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou mayeſt frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire ſecure
To thy ſtraw couch, and ſlumber unalarmed;
For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged
All that is human in me to protect
Thine unſuſpecting gratitude and love.
If I ſurvive thee I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, ſighing ſay,
I knew at leaſt one hare that had a friend *.
How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who juſtly in return
Eſteems that buſy world an idler too.
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful induſtry enjoyed at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dreſſed to his taſte, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has theſe?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
Me therefore ſtudious of laborious eaſe,
Not ſlothful, happy to deceive the time,
Not waſte it, and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with uſe,
When He ſhall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all his bleſſings, buſineſs finds

* See the note at the end of this volume.

E'en here: while ſedulous I ſeek to improve,
At leaſt neglect not, or leave unemployed,
The mind he gave me; driving it, though ſlack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By cauſes not to be divulged in vain,
To its juſt point—the ſervice of mankind.
He, that attends to his interior ſelf,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and ſupplies it; and who ſeeks
A ſocial, not a diſſipated life,
Has buſineſs; feels himſelf engaged to achieve
No unimportant, though a ſilent, taſk.
A life all turbulence and noiſe may ſeem
To him that leads it wiſe, and to be praiſed;
But wiſdom is a pearl with moſt ſucceſs
Sought in ſtill water, and beneath clear ſkies.
He that is ever occupied in ſtorms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up inſtead,
Vainly induſtrious, a diſgraceful prize.
The morning finds the ſelf-ſequeſtered man
Freſh for his taſk, intend what taſk he may.
Whether inclement ſeaſons recommend
His warm but ſimple home, where he enjoys
With her, who ſhares his pleaſures and his heart,
Sweet converſe, ſipping calm the fragrant lymph,
Which neatly ſhe prepares; then to his book
Well choſen, and not ſullenly peruſed
[illegible]lfiſh ſilence, but imparted oft,
As aught occurs, that ſhe may ſmile to hear,
Or turn to nouriſhment, digeſted well.

Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, confcious how much the hand
Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye,
Oft loitering lazily, if not o'erfeen,
Or mifapplying his unfkilful ftrength.
Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himfelf. No works indeed,
That afk robuft tough finews, bred to toil,
Servile employ; but fuch as may amufe,
Not tire, demanding rather fkill than force.
Proud of his well-fpread walls, he views his trees
That meet (no barren interval between)
With pleafure more than e'en their fruits afford;
Which, fave himfelf who trains them, none can feel;
Thefe therefore are his own peculiar charge;
No meaner hand may difcipline the fhoots,
None but his fteel approach them. What is weak,
Diftempered, or has loft prolific powers,
Impaired by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife: nor does he fpare the foft
And fucculent, that feeds its giant growth,
But barren, at the expence of neighbouring twigs
Lefs oftentatious, and yet ftudded thick
With hopeful gems. The reft, no portion left
That may difgrace his art, or difappoint
Large expectation, he difpofes neat
At meafured diftances, that air and fun,
Admitted freely may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the fwelling buds.

Hence ſummer has her riches, autumn hence,
And hence e'en winter fills his withered hand
With bluſhing fruits, and plenty not his own*.
Fair recompenſe of labour well beſtowed,
And wiſe precaution; which a clime ſo rude
Makes needful ſtill, whoſe ſpring is but the child
Of churliſh winter, in her froward moods
Diſcovering much the temper of her ſire.
For oft, as if in her the ſtream of mild
Maternal nature had reverſed its courſe,
She brings her infants forth with many ſmiles;
But once delivered kills them with a frown.
He therefore timely warned himſelf ſupplies
Her want of care, ſcreening and keeping warm
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blaſt may ſweep
His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
As the ſun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,
And ſpreads his hopes before the blaze of day.
  To raiſe the prickly and green-coated gourd,
So grateful to the palate, and when rare
So coveted, elſe baſe and diſeſteemed—
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
That toiling ages have but juſt matured,
And at this moment unaſſayed in ſong.
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long ſince,
Their eulogy; thoſe ſang the Mantuan bard,
And theſe the Grecian, in ennobling ſtrains;

* Miraturque novos fructus et non ſua poma. VIRG.

And in thy numbers, Phillips, ſhines for aye
The ſolitary ſhilling. Pardon then,
Ye ſage diſpenſers of poetic fame,
The ambition of one meaner far, whoſe powers,
Preſuming an attempt not leſs ſublime,
Pant for the praiſe of dreſſing to the taſte
Of critic appetite, no ſordid fare,
A cucumber, while coſtly yet and ſcarce.
The ſtable yields a ſtercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting ſalts,
And potent to reſiſt the freezing blaſt:
For, ere the beech and elm have caſt their leaf
Deciduous, when now November dark
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Expoſed to his cold breath, the taſk begins.
Warily therefore and with prudent heed
He ſeeks a favoured ſpot; that where he builds
The agglomerated pile his frame may front
The ſun's meridian diſk, and at the back
Enjoy cloſe ſhelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
Impervious to the wind. Firſt he bids ſpread
Dry fern or littered hay, that may imbibe
The aſcending damps; then leiſurely impoſe,
And lightly, ſhaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the ſaturated ſtraw.
What longeſt binds the cloſeſt forms ſecure
The ſhapely ſide, that as it riſes takes,
By juſt degrees, an overhanging breadth,
Sheltering the baſe with its projected eaves;
The uplifted frame, compact at every joint,

And overlaid with clear tranſlucent glaſs,
He ſettles next upon the ſloping mount,
Whoſe ſharp declivity ſhoots off ſecure
From the daſhed pane the deluge as it falls.
He ſhuts it cloſe, and the firſt labour ends.
Thrice muſt the voluble and reſtleſs earth
Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,
Slow gathering in the midſt, through the ſquare maſs
Diffuſed, attain the ſurface: when, behold!
A peſtilent and moſt corroſive ſteam,
Like a groſs fog Bœotian, riſing faſt,
And faſt condenſed upon the dewy ſaſh,
Aſks egreſs; which obtained, the overcharged
And drenched conſervatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling ſlow, the vapour dank;
And purified rejoices to have loſt
Its foul inhabitant. But to aſſuage
The impatient fervour, which it firſt conceives
Within its reeking boſom, threatening death
To his young hopes, requires diſcreet delay.
Experience, ſlow preceptreſs, teaching oft
The way to glory by miſcarriage foul,
Muſt prompt him, and admoniſh how to catch
The auſpicious moment, when the tempered heat,
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the ſeed.
The ſeed, ſelected wiſely, plump, and ſmooth,
And gloſſy, he commits to pots of ſize
Diminutive, well filled with well-prepared
And fruitful ſoil, that has been treaſured long,

And drank no moifture from the dripping clouds:
Thefe on the warm and-genial earth, that hides
The fmoking manure and o'erfpreads it all,
He places lightly, and, as time fubdues
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep
In the foft medium, till they ftand immerfed.
Then rife the tender germs, upftarting quick,
And fpreading wide their fpongy lobes; at firft
Pale, wan, and livid; but affuming foon,
If fanned by balmy and nutritious air,
Strained through the friendly mats, a vivid green.
Two leaves produced, two rough indented leaves,
Cautious he pinches from the fecond ftalk
A pimple, that portends a future fprout,
And interdicts its growth. Thence ftraight fucceed
The branches, fturdy to his utmoft wifh;
Prolific all, and harbingers of more.
The crowded roots demand enlargement now,
And tranfplantation in an ampler fpace.
Indulged in what they wifh, they foon fupply
Large foliage, overfhadowing golden flowers,
Blown on the fummit of the apparent fruit.
Thefe have their fexes! and, when fummer fhines,
The bee tranfports the fertilizing meal
From flower to flower, and e'en the breathing air
Wafts the rich prize to its appointed ufe.
Not fo when winter fcowls. Affiftant art
Then acts in nature's office, brings to pafs
The glad efpoufals, and enfures the crop.
Grudge not ye rich, (fince luxury muft have

His dainties, and the world's more numerous half
Lives by contriving delicates for you)
Grudge not the coſt. Ye little know the cares,
The vigilance, the labour, and the ſkill,
That day and night are exerciſed, and hang
Upon the ticklith balance of ſuſpenſe,
That ye may garniſh your profuſe regales
With ſummer fruits brought forth by wintry ſuns.
Ten thouſand dangers lie in wait to thwart
The proceſs. Heat and cold, and wind, and ſteam,
Moiſture and drought, mice, worms, and ſwarming
flies,
Minute as duſt, and numberleſs, oft work
Dire diſappointment, that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate. It were long,
Too long, to tell the expedients and the ſhifts,
Which he that fights a ſeaſon ſo ſevere
Deviſes, while he guards his tender truſt;
And oft at laſt in vain. The learned and wiſe
Sarcaſtic would exclaim, and judge the ſong
Cold as its theme, and like its theme the fruit
Of too much labour, worthleſs when produced.
Who loves a garden loves a green-houſe too.
Unconſcious of a leſs propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and ſnug,
While the winds whiſtle and the ſnows deſcend.
The ſpiry myrtle with unwithering leaf
Shines there, and flouriſhes. The golden boaſt
Of Portugal and weſtern India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their poliſhed foliage at the ſtorm,

And ſeem to ſmile at what they need not fear.
The amomum there with intermingling flowers
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boaſts
Her crimſon honours, and the ſpangled beau,
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants, of every leaf, that can endure
The winter's frown, if ſcreened from his ſhrewd bite,
Live there, and proſper. Thoſe Auſonia claims,
Levantine regions theſe; the Azores ſend
Their jeſſamine, her jeſſamine remote
Caffraia: foreigners from many lands,
They form one ſocial ſhade, as if convened
By magic ſummons of the Orphean lyre.
Yet juſt arrangement, rarely brought to paſs
But by a maſter's hand, diſpoſing well
The gay diverſities of leaf and flower,
Muſt lend its aid to illuſtrate all their charms,
And dreſs the regular yet various ſcene.
Plant behind plant aſpiring, in the van
The dwarfiſh, in the rear retired, but ſtill
Sublime above the reſt, the ſtatelier ſtand.
So once were ranged the ſons of ancient Rome,
A noble ſhow! while Roſcius trod the ſtage;
And ſo, while Garrick, as renowned as he,
The ſons of Albion; fearing each to loſe
Some note of Nature's muſic from his lips,
And covetous of Shakeſpeare's beauty, ſeen
In every flaſh of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taſte alone and well-contrived diſplay
Suffice to give the marſhalled ranks the grace.

Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unſung, and many cares are yet behind,
And more laborious; cares on which depend
Their vigour, injured ſoon, not ſoon reſtored.
The ſoil muſt be renewed, which often waſhed
Loſes its treaſure of ſalubrious ſalts,
And diſappoints the roots; the ſlender roots
Cloſe interwoven, where they meet the vaſe,
Muſt ſmooth be ſhorn away; the ſapleſs branch
Muſt fly before the knife; the withered leaf
Muſt be detached, and where it ſtrews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatneſs, breeding elſe
Contagion, and diſſeminating death.
Diſcharge but theſe kind offices, (and who
Would ſpare, that loves them, offices like theſe?)
Well they reward the toil. The ſight is pleaſed,
The ſcent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening bloſſom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its ſweets.
  So manifold, all pleaſing in their kind,
All healthful, are the employs of rural life,
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round; ſtill ending, and beginning ſtill.
Nor are theſe all. To deck the ſhapely knoll,
That ſoftly ſwelled and gaily dreſſed appears
A flowery iſland, from the dark green lawn
Emerging, muſt be deemed a labour due
To no mean hand, and aſks the touch of taſte.
Here alſo grateful mixture of well-matched
And ſorted hues (each giving each relief,

And by contrasted beauty shining more)
Is needful. Strength may wield the ponderous spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;
But elegance, chief grace, the garden shows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind.
Without it all is gothic as the scene,
To which the insipid citizen resorts
Near yonder heath; where industry mispent,
But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,
Has made a heaven on earth; with suns and moons
Of close-rammed stones has charged the encum-
And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust. [bered soil,
He therefore, who would see his flowers disposed
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceived display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.
Nor even then, dismissing as performed
His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.
Few self-supported flowers endure the wind
Uninjured, but expect the upholding aid
Of the smooth-shaven prop, and neatly tied
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age
For interest sake, the living to the dead.
Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffused
And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving most where little seen;

Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.
All hate the rank society of weeds,
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
The impoverished earth; an overbearing race,
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.
Oh blest seclusion from a jarring world,
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;
But it has peace, and much secures the mind
From all assaults of evil; proving still
A faithful barrier, not o'erleaped with ease
By vicious custom, raging uncontrolled
Abroad, and desolating public life.
When fierce temptation, seconded within
By traitor appetite, and armed with darts
Tempered in hell, invades the throbbing breast,
To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us; but to fly is safe.
Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish, that I possess not here? [peace,
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship,
No loose or wanton, though a wandering, muse,
And constant occupation without care.
Thus blest I draw a picture of that bliss,
Hopeless indeed that dissipated minds,

And profligate abufers of a world
Created fair fo much in vain for them,
Should feek the guiltlefs joys, that I defcribe,
Allured by my report: but fure no lefs,
That felf-condemned they muft neglect the prize,
And what they will not tafte muft yet approve.
What we admire we praife; and when we praife,
Advance it into notice, that its worth
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the rifk
Of popular difguft, yet boldly ftill,
The caufe of piety and facred truth,
And virtue, and thofe fcenes, which God ordained
Should beft fecure them and promote them moft;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forfaken, or through folly not enjoyed.
Pure is the nymph, though liberal of her fmiles,
And chafte, though unconfined, whom I extol.
Not as the prince in Shufhan, when he called,
Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vafhti forth
To grace the full pavilion. His defign
Was but to boaft his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone; my fweets,
And fhe, that fweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting nature, in whofe form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand,
That errs not, and find raptures ftill renewed,
Is free to all men—univerfal prize.
Strange that fo fair a creature fhould yet want

Admirers, and be deftined to divide
With meaner objects e'en the few fhe finds!
Stripped of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers,
She lofes all her influence. Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines
Abandoned, as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholefome airs, though unperfumed
By rofes; and clear funs, though fcarcely felt;
And groves, if unharmonious, yet fecure
From clamour, and whofe very filence charms;
To be preferred to fmoke, to the eclipfe,
That Metropolitan volcanos make,
Whofe Stygian throats breathe darknefs all day long;
And to the ftir of commerce, driving flow,
And thundering loud, with his ten thoufand wheels?
They would be, were not madnefs in the head,
And folly in the heart; were England now,
What England was, plain, hofpitable, kind,
And undebauched. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of thofe better days,
And all their honeft pleafures. Manfions once
Knew their own mafters; and laborious hinds,
Who had furvived the father, ferved the fon.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a tranfient gueft, newly arrived,
And foon to be fupplanted. He that faw
His patrimonial timber caft its leaf,
Sells the laft fcantling, and transfers the price
To fome fhrewd fharper, ere it buds again.
Eftates are landfcapes, gazed upon awhile,
Then advertifed, and auctioneered away.

The country ſtarves, and they, that feed the o'er-
charged
And ſurfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
By a juſt judgment ſtrip and ſtarve themſelves.
The wings, that waft our riches out of ſight,
Grow on the gameſter's elbows; and the alert
And nimble motion of thoſe reſtleſs joints,
That never tire, ſoon fans them all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes!
The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
Down falls the venerable pile, the abode
Of our forefathers—a grave whiſkered race,
But taſteleſs. Springs a palace in its ſtead,
But in a diſtant ſpot; where more expoſed
It may enjoy the advantage of the north,
And aguiſh eaſt, till time ſhall have transformed
Thoſe naked acres to a ſheltering grove.
He ſpeaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;
Woods vaniſh, hills ſubſide, and vallies riſe;
And ſtreams, as if created for his uſe,
Purſue the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or ſtraight, now rapid and now ſlow,
Now murmuring ſoft, now roaring in caſcades—
Ev'n as he bids! The enraptured owner ſmiles.
'Tis finiſhed, and yet, finiſhed as it ſeems,
Still wants a grace, the lovelieſt it could ſhow,
A mine to ſatisfy the enormous coſt.
Drained to the laſt poor item of his wealth,
He ſighs, departs, and leaves the accompliſhed plan,
That he has touched, retouched, many a long day

Laboured, and many a night purfued in dreams,
Juft when it meets his hopes, and proves the heaven
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy!
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When, having no ftake left, no pledge to endear
Her intereft, or that gives her facred caufe
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with moft intenfe and flagrant zeal
To ferve his country. Minifterial grace
Deals him out money from the public cheft;
Or, if that mine be fhut, fome private purfe
Supplies his need with an ufurious loan,
To be refunded duly, when his vote
Well-managed fhall have earned its worthy price.
Oh innocent, compared with arts like thefe,
Crape, and cocked piftol, and the whiftling ball
Sent through the traveller's temples! He, that finds
One drop of heaven's fweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perifh, well content,
So he may wrap himfelf in honeft rags
At his laft gafp; but could not for a world
Fifh up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and fickening at his own fuccefs.
  Ambition, avarice, penury incurred
By endlefs riot, vanity, the luft
Of pleafure and variety, difpatch,
As duly as the fwallows difappear,
The world of wandering knights and fquires to town.
London ingulphs them all! The fhark is there,
And the fhark's prey; the fpendthrift and the leech,

That ſucks him. There the ſycophant, and he
Who, with bare-headed and obſequious bows,
Begs a warm office, doomed to a cold jail
And groat per diem, if his patron frown.
The levee ſwarms, as if in golden pomp
Were charactered on every ſtateſman's door,
“BATTERED AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MENDED HERE.”
Theſe are the charms, that ſully and eclipſe
The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,
That lean hard-handed poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wiſh to ſhine, the thirſt to be amuſed,
That at the ſound of winter's hoary wing
Unpeople all our counties of ſuch herds
Of fluttering, loitering, cringing, begging, looſe
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vaſt
And boundleſs as it is, a crowded coop.
  Oh thou, reſort and mart of all the earth,
Chequered with all complexions of mankind,
And ſpotted with all crimes; in whom I ſee
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleaſeſt and yet ſhockeſt me, I can laugh
And I can weep, can hope, and can deſpond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have ſaved a city once,
And thou haſt many righteous.—Well for thee—
That ſalt preſerves thee; more corrupted elſe,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain.

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

The Argument.

The poſt comes in.—The newſpaper is read.—The world contemplated at a diſtance.—Addreſs to Winter.—The rural amuſements of a winter evening compared with the faſhionable ones.—Addreſs to evening.—A brown ſtudy.—Fall of ſnow in the evening.—The waggoner.—A poor family piece.—The rural thief.—Public houſes.—The multitude of them cenſured.—The farmer's daughter: what ſhe was—what ſhe is.—The ſimplicity of country manners almoſt loſt.—Cauſes of the change.—Deſertion of the country by the rich.—Neglect of magiſtrates.—The militia principally in fault.—The new recruit and his transformation.—Reflection on bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguiſhed.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its weariſome but needful length
Beſtrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noiſy world,
With ſpattered boots, ſtrapped waiſt, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back,

True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

And while the bubbling and loud hiſſing urn
Throws up a ſteamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not ſuch his evening, who with ſhining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, ſqueezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his ſides,
Out-ſcolds the ranting actor on the ſtage:
Nor his, who patient ſtands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, burſting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and ſmiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'vn critics criticiſe; that holds
Inquiſitive attention, while I read,
Faſt bound in chains of ſilence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themſelves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of buſy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vaſt concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts ambition. On the ſummit ſee
The ſeals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he graſps them! At his heels,
Cloſe at his heels, a demagogue aſcends,
And with a dexterous jerk ſoon twiſts him down,
And wins them, but to loſe them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in ſoft
Meanders lubricate the courſe they take;
The modeſt ſpeaker is aſhamed and grieved
To engroſs a moment's notice, and yet begs,

Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet baſhfulneſs! it claims at leaſt this praiſe;
The dearth of information and good ſenſe,
That it foretells us always comes to paſs.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There foreſts of no meaning ſpread the page,
In which all comprehenſion wanders loſt;
While fields of pleaſantry amuſe us there
With merry deſcants on a nation's woes.
The reſt appears a wilderneſs of ſtrange
But gay confuſion; roſes for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothleſs, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their ſweets,
Nectareous eſſences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feaſts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journies, ſubmarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'Tis pleaſant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at ſuch a world; to ſee the ſtir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar ſhe ſends through all her gates
At a ſafe diſtance, where the dying ſound
Falls a ſoft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus ſitting, and ſurveying thus at eaſe
The globe and its concerns, I ſeem advanced
To ſome ſecure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.

It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
Oh Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,

I love thee, all unlovely as thou ſeemeſt,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou holdeſt the ſun
A priſoner in the yet undawning eaſt,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his ſtay,
Down to the roſy weſt; but kindly ſtill
Compenſating his loſs with added hours
Of ſocial converſe and inſtructive eaſe,
And gathering, at ſhort notice, in one group
The family diſperſed, and fixing thought,
Not leſs diſperſed by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-ſide enjoyments, home-born happineſs,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undiſturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels ſtop ſhort before theſe gates;
No powdered pert proficient in the art
Of ſounding an alarm aſſaults theſe doors
Till the ſtreet rings; no ſtationary ſteeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedleſs of the ſound,
The ſilent circle fan themſelves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its buſy taſk,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the ſnowy lawn,
Unfolds its boſom; buds, and leaves, and ſprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully diſpoſed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, or flowers, that blow
With moſt ſucceſs when all beſides decay.

The poet's or hiſtorian's page by one
Made vocal for the amuſement of the reſt;
The ſprightly lyre, whoſe treaſure of ſweet ſounds
The touch from many a trembling chord ſhakes
out;
And the clear voice ſymphonious, yet diſtinct,
And in the charming ſtrife triumphant ſtill;
Beguile the night, and ſet a keener edge
On female induſtry: the threaded ſteel
Flies ſwiftly, and unfelt the taſk proceeds.
The volume cloſed, the cuſtomary rites
Of the laſt meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the miſtreſs of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domeſtic ſhade,
Enjoyed, ſpare feaſt! a radiſh and an egg.
Diſcourſe enſues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor ſuch as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proſcribes the ſound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praiſe
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the paſt to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'ſcaped, the broken ſnare,
The diſappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preſerved and peace reſtored,

Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than your's
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and thofe we love, enjoy.
Is winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the fmoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unfavoury throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the fmart
And fnappifh dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a fmile?
The felf-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a fide-long glance at a full houfe)
The flope of faces, from the floor to the roof,
(As if one mafter-fpring controuled them all)
Relaxed into an univerfal grin,
Sees not a countenance there, that fpeaks of joy
Half fo refined or fo fincere as our's.
Cards were fuperfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idlenefs has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnifhed brain,
To palliate dulnefs, and give time a fhove.
Time, as he paffes us, has a dove's wing,
Unfoiled, and fwift, and of a filken found;
But the world's time is time in mafquerade!
Their's, fhould I paint him, has his pinions fledged
With motley plumes; and, where the peacock fhows
His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
With fpots quadrangular of diamond form,

Enſanguined hearts, clubs typical of ſtrife,
And ſpades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What ſhould be, and what was an hour-glaſs once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard maſt
Well does the work of his deſtructive ſcythe.
Thus decked, he charms a world whom faſhion blinds
To his true worth, moſt pleaſed when idle moſt;
Whoſe only happy are their waſted hours.
E'en miſſes, at whoſe age their mothers wore
The back-ſtring and the bib, aſſume the dreſs
Of womanhood, ſit pupils in the ſchool
Of card-devoted time, and night by night
Placed at ſome vacant corner of the board,
Learn every trick, and ſoon play all the game.
But truce with cenſure. Roving as I rove,
Where ſhall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far oft turns aſide
To view ſome rugged rock or mouldering tower,
Which ſeen delights him not; then coming home
Deſcribes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with bruſh in hand and pallet ſpread,
With colours mixed for a far different uſe,
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing,
That fancy finds in her excurſive flights.
  Come Evening, once again, ſeaſon of peace;
Return ſweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I ſee thee in the ſtreaky weſt,
With matron-ſtep ſlow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy ſweeping train; one hand employed

In letting fall the curtain of repoſe,
On bird and beaſt, the other charged for man
With ſweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not ſumptuouſly adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured night, of cluſtering gems;
A ſtar or two, juſt twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; ſave that the moon is thine
No leſs than her's, not worn indeed on high
With oſtentatious pageanty, but ſet
With modeſt grandeur in thy purple zone,
Reſplendent leſs, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou ſhalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me ſo. Compoſure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to muſic, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining ſilken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to pleaſe;
I ſlight thee not, but make thee welcome ſtill.
Juſt when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliah, might have ſeen his giant bulk
Whole without ſtooping, towering creſt and all,
My pleaſures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may ſatisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The ſhadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me

So ſpent in parlour twilight: ſuch a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with ſome new theme
Pregnant, or indiſpoſed alike to all.
Laugh ye, who boaſt your more mercurial powers,
That never feel a ſtupor, know no pauſe,
Nor need one; I am conſcious, and confeſs
Fearleſs a ſoul, that does not always think.
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
Soothed with a waking dream of houſes, towers,
Trees, churches, and ſtrange viſages, expreſſed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myſelf creating what I ſaw.
Nor leſs amuſed have I quieſcent watched
The ſooty films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of ſuperſtition, propheſying ſtill,
Though ſtill deceived, ſome ſtranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the underſtanding takes repoſe
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And ſleeps and is refreſhed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a maſk
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were taſked to his full ſtrength, abſorbed and loſt.
Thus oft, reclined at eaſe, I loſe an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blaſt,
That ſweeps the bolted ſhutter, ſummons home
The recollected powers; and ſnapping ſhort
The glaſſy threads, with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, reſtores me to myſelf.

How calm is my receſs; and how the froſt,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The ſilence and the warmth enjoyed within!
I ſaw the woods and fields at cloſe of day
A variegated ſhow; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harveſt, of a mellow brown,
Upturned ſo lately by the forceful ſhare.
I ſaw far off the weedy fallows ſmile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, faſt feeding, and ſelecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafleſs groves,
That ſkirt the horizon, wore a ſable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred duſk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though ſilently performed,
And ſlowly, and by moſt unfelt, the face
Of univerſal nature undergoes.
Faſt falls a fleecy ſhower: the downy flakes
Deſcending, and with never-ceaſing lapſe,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Aſſimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blaſt,
Eſcapes unhurt beneath ſo warm a veil.
  In ſuch a world, ſo thorny, and where none
Finds happineſs unblighted; or, if found
Without ſome thiſtly ſorrow at its ſide;
It ſeems the part of wiſdom, and no ſin
Againſt the law of love, to meaſure lots

With lefs diftinguifhed than ourfelves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And fympathife with others, fuffering more.
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that ftalks
In ponderous boots befide his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded fore
By congregated loads adhering clofe
To the clogged wheels; and in its fluggifh pace
Noifelefs appears a moving hill of fnow.
The toiling fteeds expand the noftril wide,
While every breath, by refpiration ftrong
Forced downward, is confolidated foon
Upon their jutting chefts. He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempeftuous night,
With half-fhut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Prefented bare againft the ftorm, plods on.
One hand fecures his hat, fave when with both
He brandifhes his pliant length of whip,
Refounding oft, and never heard in vain.
Oh happy; and in my account denied
That fenfibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robuft and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulfe; and the unhealthful eaft,
That breathes the fpleen, and fearches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholefome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from houfehold care;
Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beafts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,

Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appearest,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
  Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brush-wood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he too finds his own distress in their's.
The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
Of savory cheese, or butter, costlier still;
Sleep seems their only refuge: for alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!

With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care,
Ingenious parſimony takes, but juſt
Saves the ſmall inventory, bed, and ſtool,
Skillet, and old carved cheſt, from public ſale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boaſt have none
To ſooth their honeſt pride, that ſcorns to beg,
Nor comfort elſe, but in their mutual love.
I praiſe you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; chooſing rather far
A dry but independent cruſt, hard earned,
And eaten with a ſigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and inſolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of diſtribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But oft-times deaf to ſuppliants, who would bluſh
To wear a tattered garb however coarſe,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
Theſe aſk with painful ſhyneſs, and, refuſed
Becauſe deſerving, ſilently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itſelf
Shall much befriend you. Time ſhall give increaſe;
And all your numerous progeny, well-trained
But helpleſs, in few years ſhall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye ſhall not want
What, conſcious of your virtues, we can ſpare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourſelves may ſend.
I mean the man, who, when the diſtant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty with moſt, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is ſelf-inflicted woe;
The effect of lazineſs or ſottiſh waſte.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much ſolicitous how beſt
He may compenſate for a day of ſloth
By works of darkneſs and nocturnal wrong.
Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plaſhed neatly, and ſecured with driven ſtakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by ſtrength,
Reſiſtleſs in ſo bad a cauſe, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the ſpoil,
An aſs's burden, and, when laden moſt
And heavieſt, light of foot ſteals faſt away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-ſtacked pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrenched the door, however well ſecured,
Where Chanticleer amidſt his haram ſleeps
In unſuſpecting pomp. Twitched from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, ſtruggling in vain,
And loudly wondering at the ſudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere ſome excuſe,
Did pity of their ſufferings warp aſide
His principle, and tempt him into ſin
For their ſupport, ſo deſtitute. But they
Neglected pine at home; themſelves, as more
Expoſed than others, with leſs ſcruple made
His victims, robbed of their defenceleſs all.

Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchleſs thirſt
Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts
His every action, and imbrutes the man.
Oh for a law to nooſe the villain's neck,
Who ſtarves his own; who perſecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman, he has ſworn to love!
Paſs where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded noſe to ſuch a whiff
Of ſtale debauch, forth-iſſuing from the ſtyes,
That law has licenſed, as makes temperance reel.
There ſit, involved and loſt in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom: the craftſman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the ſhears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle ſcreams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed
Its waſted tones and harmony unheard:
Fierce the diſpute whate'er the theme; while ſhe,
Fell Diſcord, arbitreſs of ſuch debate,
Perched on the ſign-poſt, holds with even hand
Her undeciſive ſcales. In this ſhe lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And ſmiles delighted with the eternal poiſe.
Dire is the frequent curſe, and its twin ſound
The cheek-diſtending oath, not to be praiſed

As ornamental, mufical, polite,
Like thofe, which modern fenators employ,
Whofe oath is rhetoric, and who fwear for fame!
Behold the fchools, in which plebeian minds
Once fimple are initiated in arts,
Which fome may practife with politer grace,
But none with readier fkill!—'tis here they learn
The road, that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at laft
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her incumbered lap, and cafts them out.
But cenfure profits little: vain the attempt
To advertife in verfe a public peft,
That like the filth, with which the peafant feeds
His hungry acres, ftinks, and is of ufe.
The excife is fattened with the rich refult
Of all this riot; and ten thoufand cafks,
For ever dribbling out their bafe contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the ftate,
Bleed gold for minifters to fport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Glorioufly drunk obey the important call!
Her caufe demands the affiftance of your throats;—
Ye all can fwallow, and fhe afks no more.
Would I had fallen upon thofe happier days,
That poets celebrate; thofe golden times,
And thofe Arcadian fcenes, that Maro fings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic profe.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and fwains had hearts,
That felt their virtues: innocence, it feems,

From courts difmiffed, found fhelter in the groves;
The footfteps of fimplicity, impreffed
Upon the yielding herbage, (fo they fing)
Then were not all effaced: then fpeech profane,
And manners profligate, were rarely found;
Obferved as prodigies, and foon reclaimed.
Vain wifh! thofe days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture: and the poet's hand,
Imparting fubftance to an empty fhade,
Impofed a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it: I ftill muft envy them an age,
That favoured fuch a dream; in days like thefe
Impoffible, when virtue is fo fcarce,
That to fuppofe a fcene where fhe prefides,
Is tramontane, and ftumbles all belief.
No: we are polifhed now. The rural lafs,
Whom once her virgin modefty and grace,
Her artlefs manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that fhe was hardly lefs
Than the fair fhepherdefs of old romance,
Is feen no more. The character is loft!
Her head, adorned with lappets pinned aloft,
And ribbands ftreaming gay, fuperbly raifed,
And magnified beyond all human fize,
Indebted to fome fmart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the treffes it fuftains;
Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form
Ill propped upon French heels; fhe might be deemed
(But that the bafket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank

Too proud for dairy work, or ſale of eggs.
Expect her ſoon with foot-boy at her heels,
No longer bluſhing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care!
  The town has tinged the country; and the ſtain
Appears a ſpot upon a veſtal's robe,
The worſe for what it ſoils. The faſhion runs
Down into ſcenes ſtill rural; but alas,
Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now!
Time was when in the paſtoral retreat
The unguarded door was ſafe; men did not watch
To invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then ſleep was undiſturbed by fear, unſcared
By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
But farewell now to unſuſpicious nights,
And ſlumbers unalarmed! Now, ere you ſleep,
See that your poliſhed arms be primed with care,
And drop the night-bolt;—ruffians are abroad;
And the firſt larum of the cock's ſhrill throat
May prove a trumpet, ſummoning your ear
To horrid ſounds of hoſtile feet within.
Ev'n daylight has its dangers; and the walk
Through pathleſs waſtes and woods, unconſcious once
Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmleſs flocks, is hazardous and bold.
Lamented change! to which full many a cauſe
Inveterate, hopeleſs of a cure, conſpires.
The courſe of human things from good to ill,

From ill to worſe, is fatal, never fails.
Increaſe of power begets increaſe of wealth;
Wealth luxury, and luxury exceſs;
Exceſs, the ſcrofulous and itchy plague,
That ſeizes firſt the opulent, deſcends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated ſcale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they, that have an arm to check
The licence of the loweſt in degree,
Deſert their office; and themſelves, intent
On pleaſure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawleſs hands
Reſign the ſcenes, their preſence might protect.
Authority herſelf not ſeldom ſleeps,
Though reſident, and witneſs of the wrong.
The plump convivial parſon often bears
The magiſterial ſword in vain, and lays
His reverence and his worſhip both to reſt
On the ſame cuſhion of habitual ſloth.
Perhaps timidity reſtrains his arm;
When he ſhould ſtrike he trembles, and ſets free,
Himſelf enſlaved by terror of the band,
The audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profeſſion ghoſtly pure,
He too may have his vice, and ſometimes prove
Leſs dainty than becomes his grave outſide
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milk-white hand; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly ſmutch appears.

'Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touched
Corruption. Whoſo ſeeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fiſh,
Wild fowl or veniſon; and his errand ſpeeds.
But faſter far, and more than all the reſt,
A noble cauſe, which none, who bears a ſpark
Of public virtue, ever wiſhed removed,
Works the deplored and miſchievous effect.
'Tis univerſal ſoldierſhip has ſtabbed
The heart of merit in the meaner claſs.
Arms, through the vanity and brainleſs rage
Of thoſe that bear them, in whatever cauſe,
Seem moſt at variance with all moral good,
And imcompatible with ſerious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Bleſt with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own ſimple pleaſures; now and then
A wreſtling match, a foot-race, or a fair;
Is ballotted, and trembles at the news:
Sheepiſh he doffs his hat, and mumbling ſwears
A bible-oath to be whate'er they pleaſe,
To do he knows not what. The taſk performed,
That inſtant he becomes the ſerjeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jeſt.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round ſhoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curſe. By ſlow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and formed of ſtubborn ſtuff,
He yet by ſlow degrees puts off himſelf,
Grows conſcious of a change, and likes it well:

He ftands erect; his flouch becomes a walk;
He fteps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movement; is as fmart above
As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace;
And, his three years of herofhip expired,
Returns indignant to the flighted plough.
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
And fighs for the fmart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumfy port the wretch has loft
His ignorance and harmlefs manners too.
To fwear, to game, to drink; to fhow at home
By lewdnefs, idlenefs, and fabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
To aftonifh and to grieve his gazing friends;
To break fome maiden's and his mother's heart;
To be a peft where he was ufeful once;
Are his fole aim, and all his glory, now.
  Man in fociety is like a flower
Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper ufe.
But man, affociated and leagued with man
By regal warrant, or felf-joined by bond
For intereft-fake, or fwarming into clans
Beneath one head for purpofes of war,
Like flowers felected from the reft, and bound
And bundled clofe to fill fome crowded vafe,

Fades rapidly, and by compreſſion marred
Contracts defilement not to be endured.
Hence chartered boroughs are ſuch public plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a loathſome body, only fit
For diſſolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of ſin
Againſt the charities of domeſtic life,
Incorporated ſeem at once to loſe
Their nature; and diſclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the ſword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial juſtice red.
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Miſdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majeſty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting muſic and immortal wreaths,
Is but a ſchool, where thoughtleſſneſs is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice.
 But ſlighted as it is, and by the great
Abandoned, and, which ſtill I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes,
It knew not once, the country wins me ſtill.
I never framed a wiſh, or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliſs,
But there I laid the ſcene. There early ſtrayed
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice

Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The firſt-born efforts of my youthful muſe,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was miſtreſs of their powers.
No bard could pleaſe me but whoſe lyre was tuned
To Nature's praiſes. Heroes and their feats
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, aſſembling, as he ſang,
The ruſtic throng beneath his favourite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taſte his Paradiſe ſurpaſſed
The ſtruggling efforts of my boyiſh tongue
To ſpeak its excellence. I danced for joy.
I marvelled much that, at ſo ripe an age
As twice ſeven years, his beauties had then firſt
Engaged my wonder; and admiring ſtill,
And ſtill admiring, with regret ſuppoſed
The joy half loſt becauſe not ſooner found.
There too enamoured of the life I loved,
Pathetic in its praiſe, in its purſuit
Determined, and poſſeſſing it at laſt
With tranſports, ſuch as favoured lovers feel,
I ſtudied, prized, and wiſhed that I had known,
Ingenious Cowley! and, though now reclaimed
By modern lights from an erroneous taſte,
I cannot but lament thy ſplendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the ſchools.
I ſtill revere thee, courtly though retired;
Though ſtretched at eaſe in Chertſey's ſilent bowers,

Not unemployed; and finding rich amends
For a loſt world in ſolitude and verſe.
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infuſed at the creation of the kind.
And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Diſcriminated each from each, by ſtrokes
And touches of his hand, with ſo much art
Diverſified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all diſcern a beauty in his works,
And all can taſte them: minds, that have been formed
And tutored with a reliſh more exact,
But none without ſome reliſh, none unmoved.
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither buſineſs, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
Whatever elſe they ſmother of true worth
In human boſoms; quench it or abate.
The villas, with which London ſtands begirt,
Like a ſwarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpſe of a green paſture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Ev'n in the ſtifling boſom of the town
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms,
That ſooth the rich poſſeſſor; much conſoled,
That here and there ſome ſprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightſhade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. Theſe ſerve him with a hint

That nature lives; that ſight-refreſhing green
Is ſtill the livery ſhe delights to wear,
Though ſickly ſamples of the exuberant whole.
What are the caſements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder ſaſhes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's * darling? are they not all proofs
That man, immured in cities, ſtill retains
His inborn inextinguiſhable thirſt
Of rural ſcenes, compenſating his loſs
By ſupplemental ſhifts, the beſt he may?
The moſt unfurniſhed with the means of life,
And they, that never paſs their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning inſtinct: over-head
Suſpend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered duly. There the pitcher ſtands
A fragment, and the ſpoutleſs tea-pot there;
Sad witneſſes how cloſe-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.
  Hail, therefore, patroneſs of health and eaſe,
And contemplation, heart-conſoling joys
And harmleſs pleaſures, in the thronged abode
Of multitudes unknown; hail, rural life!
Addreſs himſelf who will to the purſuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame;
I ſhall not add myſelf to ſuch a chaſe,

* Mignonnette.

Thwart his attempts, or envy his ſucceſs.
Some muſt be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, underſtanding, taſte,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Juſt in the niche, he was ordained to fill:
To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, an heart
To feel, and courage to redreſs her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity; to judges ſenſe;
To artiſts ingenuity and ſkill;
To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wiſh for eaſe and leiſure, and ere long
Found here that leiſure and that eaſe I wiſhed,

THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

The Argument.

A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The woodman and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of a frost at a waterfall.—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War, one of them.—Wars, whence—And whence monarchy.—The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastile, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best human institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him, Deist, if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated. Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relish of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.

'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,

Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportioned limb
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they designed to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:

Smooth as a wall the upright remnant ſtands,
With ſuch undeviating and even force
He ſevers it away: no needleſs care,
Leſt ſtorms ſhould overſet the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder foreſt drear,
From morn to eve his ſolitary taſk.
Shaggy, and lean, and ſhrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropped ſhort, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Cloſe behind his heel
Now creeps he ſlow; and now, with many a friſk
Wide-ſcampering, ſnatches up the drifted ſnow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his ſnout;
Then ſhakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedleſs of all his pranks, the ſturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor ſtops for aught,
But now and then with preſſure of his thumb
To adjuſt the fragrant charge of a ſhort tube,
That fumes beneath his noſe: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, ſcenting all the air.
Now from the rooſt, or from the neighbouring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the firſt faint gleam
Of ſmiling day, they goſſiped ſide by ſide,
Come trooping at the houſewife's well-known call
The feathered tribes domeſtic. Half on wing
And half on foot, they bruſh the fleecy flood,
Conſcious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The ſparrows peep, and quit the ſheltering eaves

To ſeize the fair occaſion. Well they eye
The ſcattered grain, and thieviſhly reſolved
To eſcape the impending famine, often ſcared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the ſearch of ſunny nook,
Or ſhed impervious to the blaſt. Reſigned
To ſad neceſſity, the cock foregoes
His wonted ſtrut; and wading at their head
With well-conſidered ſteps, ſeems to reſent
His altered gait and ſtatelineſs retrenched.
How find the myriads, that in ſummer cheer
The hills and vallies with their ceaſeleſs ſongs,
Due ſuſtenance, or where ſubſiſt they now?
Earth yields them nought; the impriſoned worm is ſafe
Beneath the frozen clod; all ſeeds of herbs
Lie covered cloſe; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thruſh, (whatever ſome ſuppoſe)
Afford the ſmaller minſtrels no ſupply.
The long protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thouſand ſeek an unmoleſted end,
As inſtinct prompts; ſelf-buried ere they die.
The very rooks and daws forſake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
Repays their labour more; and perched aloft
By the way-ſide, or ſtalking in the path,
Lean penſioners upon the traveller's track,
Pick up their nauſeous dole, though ſweet to them,
Of voided pulſe or half-digeſted grain.

The ſtreams are loſt amid the ſplendid blank,
O'erwhelming all diſtinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fixt, the ſnowy weight
Lies undiſſolved; while ſilently beneath,
And unperceived, the current ſteals away.
Not ſo where, ſcornful of a check, it leaps
The mill-dam, daſhes on the reſtleſs wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulph below:
No froſt can bind it there; its utmoſt force
Can but arreſt the light and ſmoky miſt,
That in its fall the liquid ſheet throws wide.
And ſee where it has hung the embroidered banks
With forms ſo various, that no powers of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the ſcene!
Here glittering turrets riſe, upbearing high
(Fantaſtic miſarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may ſeem the ſparkling trees
And ſhrubs of fairy land. The cryſtal drops,
That trickle down the branches, faſt congealed,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorned before.
Here grotto within grotto ſafe defies
The ſun-beam; there, emboſſed and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thouſand ſhapes
Capricious, in which fancy ſeeks in vain
The likeneſs of ſome object ſeen before.
Thus nature works as if to mock at art,
And in defiance of her rival powers;
By theſe fortuitous and random ſtrokes
Performing ſuch inimitable feats,

As ſhe with all her rules can never reach.
Leſs worthy of applauſe, though more admired,
Becauſe a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial miſtreſs of the fur-clad Ruſs!
Thy moſt magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No foreſt fell
When thou wouldſt build; no quarry ſent its ſtores
To enrich thy walls: but thou didſt hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glaſſy wave.
In ſuch a palace Ariſtæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his loſt bees to her maternal ear:
In ſuch a palace poetry might place
The armory of winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy fleet,
Skin-piercing volley, bloſſom-bruiſing hail,
And ſnow, that often blinds the traveller's courſe,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric roſe;
No ſound of hammer or of ſaw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjuſted parts
Were ſoon conjoined, nor other cement aſked
Than water interfuſed to make them one.
Lamps gracefully diſpoſed, and of all hues,
Illumined every ſide: a watery light
Gleamed through the clear tranſparency, that ſeemed
Another moon new riſen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame ſerene.
So ſtood the brittle prodigy; though ſmooth
And ſlippery the materials, yet froſt-bound

Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal reſidence might well befit,
For grandeur or for uſe. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that feared no enemy but warmth,
Bluſhed on the pannels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious ſeat
(What ſeemed at leaſt commodious ſeat) were there;
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne auguſt.
The ſame lubricity was found in all,
And all was moiſt to the warm touch; a ſcene
Of evaneſcent glory, once a ſtream,
And ſoon to ſlide into a ſtream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying ſtroke
Of undeſigned ſeverity, that glanced
(Made by a monarch) on her own eſtate,
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas tranſient in its nature, as in ſhow
'Twas durable; as worthleſs, as it ſeemed,
Intrinſically precious; to the foot
Treacherous and falſe; it ſmiled, and it was cold.
Great princes have great playthings. Some have played
At hewing mountains into men, and ſome
At building human wonders mountain-high.
Some have amuſed the dull, ſad years of life,
(Life ſpent in indolence, and therefore ſad)
With ſchemes of monumental fame; and ſought
By pyramids and mauſolean pomp,
Short-lived themſelves, to immortalize their bones.
Some ſeek diverſion in the tented field,

And make the ſorrows of mankind their ſport.
But war's a game, which, were their ſubjects wiſe,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whoſe infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with miſchief; and who ſpoil,
Becauſe men ſuffer it, their toy the world.
When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
Was ſplit into diverſity of tongues,
Then, as a ſhepherd ſeparates his flock,
Theſe to the upland, to the valley thoſe,
God drave aſunder, and aſſigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its diſtribution fair
And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care: they ploughed, and ſowed,
And reaped their plenty without grudge or ſtrife.
But violence can never longer ſleep
Than human paſſions pleaſe. In every heart
Are ſown the ſparks, that kindle fiery war;
Occaſion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already ſhed a brother's blood:
The deluge waſhed it out; but left unquenched
The ſeeds of murder in the breaſt of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his deſcending progeny was found
The firſt artificer of death; the ſhrewd
Contriver, who firſt ſweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied ſteel

To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The ſword and falchion their inventor claim;
And the firſt ſmith was the firſt murderer's ſon.
His art ſurvived the waters; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and ſpread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
Theſe meadows and that range of hills his own,
The taſted ſweets of property begat
Deſire of more; and induſtry in ſome
To improve and cultivate their juſt demeſne,
Made others covet what they ſaw ſo fair.
Thus war began on earth: theſe fought for ſpoil,
And thoſe in ſelf-defence. Savage at firſt
The onſet, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the reſt for ſtrength,
For ſtratagem, for courage, or for all,
Was choſen leader; him they ſerved in war,
And him in peace, for ſake of warlike deeds
Reverenced noleſs. Who could with him compare?
Or who ſo worthy to control themſelves
As he, whoſe proweſs had ſubdued their foes?
Thus war, affording field for the diſplay
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call
For ſkill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modeſty and meekneſs; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who ſet it on,
Was ſure to intoxicate the brows it bound.

It is the abject property of moſt,
That, being parcel of the common maſs,
And deſtitute of means to raiſe themſelves,
They ſink, and ſettle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehenſive faculty, that graſps
Great purpoſes with eaſe, that turns and wields,
Almoſt without an effort, plans too vaſt
For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conſcious of impotence they ſoon grow drunk
With gazing, when they ſee an able man
Step forth to notice; and beſotted thus
Build him a pedeſtal, and ſay, " Stand there,
" And be our admiration and our praiſe."
They roll themſelves before him in the duſt,
Then moſt deſerving in their own account
When moſt extravagant in his applauſe,
As if exalting him they raiſed themſelves.
Thus by degrees, ſelf-cheated of their ſound
And ſober judgment, that he is but man,
They demi-deify and fume him ſo,
That in due ſeaſon he forgets it too.
Inflated and aſtrut with ſelf-conceit,
He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,
Adopting their miſtake, profoundly thinks
The world was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And ſweating in his ſervice, his caprice
Becomes the ſoul that animates them all.

He deems a thouſand, or ten thouſand lives,
Spent in the purchaſe of renown for him,
An eaſy reckoning; and they think the ſame.
Thus kings were firſt invented, and thus kings
Were burniſhed into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous ſwamp;
Storks among frogs, that have but croaked and died.
Strange, that ſuch folly, as lifts bloated man
To eminence fit only for a god,
Should ever drivel out of human lips,
Even in the cradled weakneſs of the world!
Still ſtranger much, that when at length mankind
Had reached the ſinewy firmneſs of their youth,
And could diſcriminate and argue well
On ſubjects more myſterious, they were yet
Babes in the cauſe of freedom, and ſhould fear
And quake before the gods themſelves had made:
But above meaſure ſtrange, that neither proof
Of ſad experience, nor examples ſet
By ſome, whoſe patriot virtue has prevailed,
Can even now, when they are grown mature
In wiſdom, and with philoſophic deeds
Familiar, ſerve to emancipate the reſt!
Such dupes are men to cuſtom, and ſo prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
A courſe of long obſervance for its uſe,
That even ſervitude, the worſt of ills,
Becauſe delivered down from ſire to ſon,
Is kept and guarded as a ſacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the ſhock

Of rational difcuffion, that a man,
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom luft
And folly in as ample meafure meet,
As in the bofoms of the flaves he rules,
Should be a defpot abfolute, and boaft
Himfelf the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleafes, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation given, or wrong fuftained,
And force the beggarly laft doit by means,
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of poverty, that thus he may procure
His thoufands, weary of penurious life,
A fplendid opportunity to die?
Say ye, who (with lefs prudence than of old
Jotham afcribed to his affembled trees
In politic convention) put your truft
In the fhadow of a bramble, and reclined
In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch,
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his fway,
Where find ye paffive fortitude? Whence fprings
Your felf-denying zeal, that holds it good
To ftroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
His thorns with ftreamers of continual praife?
We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king, who loves the law, refpects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we ferve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting ftill that he is man,

We truſt him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious ſtill;
May exerciſe amiſs his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen chooſe to grant:
Beyond that mark is treaſon. He is our's
To adminiſter, to guard, to adorn, the ſtate,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To ſerve him nobly in the common cauſe,
True to the death, but not to be his ſlaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boaſt your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and our's.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardleſs author of its woes:
We for the ſake of liberty a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's ſake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reaſon, is judicious, manly, free;
Your's, a blind inſtinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot, that treads it in the duſt.
Were kingſhip as true treaſure as it ſeems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wiſe man's wiſh,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Cauſeleſs, and daubed with undiſcerning praiſe,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man, who fills it as he ought.
Whoſe freedom is by ſufferance, and at will
Of a ſuperior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of a life

Expofed to manacles, deferves them well.
The ftate, that ftrives for liberty, though foiled,
And forced to abandon what fhe bravely fought,
Deferves at leaft applaufe for her attempt,
And pity for her lofs. But that's a caufe
Not often unfuccefsful: power ufurped
Is weaknefs when oppofed: confcious of wrong,
'Tis pufillanimous and prone to flight.
But flaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itfelf poffefs
All that the conteft calls for; fpirit, ftrength,
The fcorn of danger, and united hearts;
The fureft prefage of the good they feek *.
Then fhame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her loffes and defeats,
Old or of later date, by fea or land,
Her houfe of bondage, worfe than that of old
Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Baftile.
Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts;
Ye dungeons and ye cages of defpair,
That monarchs have fupplied from age to age
With mufic, fuch as fuits their fovereign ears,
The fighs and groans of miferable men!
There's not an Englifh heart, that would not leap

* The author hopes that he fhall not be cenfured for unneceffary warmth upon fo interefting a fubject. He is aware that it is become almoft fafhionable to ftigmatize fuch fentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill fymptom, and peculiar to modern times.

To hear that ye were fallen at laſt; to know
That ev'n our enemies, ſo oft employed
In forging chains for us, themſelves were free.
For he, who values liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cauſe engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cauſe of man.
There dwell the moſt forlorn of human kind,
Immured though unaccuſed, condemned untried,
Cruelly ſpared, and hopeleſs of eſcape.
There, like the viſionary emblem ſeen
By him of Babylon, life ſtands a ſtump,
And filletted about with hoops of braſs
Still lives, though all his pleaſant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell and expect no change;
And ever, as the ſullen ſound is heard,
Still to reflect, that though a joyleſs note
To him, whoſe moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thouſand rovers in the world at large
Account it muſic; that it ſummons ſome
To theatre, or jocund feaſt or ball:
The wearied hireling finds it a releaſe
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels every welcome ſtroke
Upon his heart-ſtrings, trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from diſtracting thought
To ſuch amuſements, as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard-ſhifting, and without her tools—
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In ſtaggering types, his predeceſſor's tale,

A ſad memorial, and ſubjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated ſpider, till the pampered peſt
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and ſerves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The ſtuds, that thick emboſs his iron door;
Then downward and then upward, then aſlant
And then alternate; with a ſickly hope
By dint of change to give his taſteleſs taſk
Some reliſh; till the ſum, exactly found
In all directions, he begins again—
Oh comfortleſs exiſtence! hemmed around
With woes, which who that ſuffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man ſhould thus encroach on fellow man,
Abridge him of his juſt and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domeſtic life
And ſocial, nip his fruitfulneſs and uſe,
And doom him for perhaps an heedleſs word
To barrenneſs, and ſolitude, and tears,
Moves indignation; makes the name of king
(Of king whom ſuch prerogative can pleaſe)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, ſtrong only to deſtroy.
'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its luſtre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All conſtraint,
Except what wiſdom lays on evil men,

Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progreſs in the road of ſcience; blinds
The eyeſight of diſcovery; and begets
In thoſe that ſuffer it a ſordid mind
Beſtial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore ſtill, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loſs of empire, and though ſqueezed
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the ſtate,
Thee I account ſtill happy, and the chief
Among the nations, ſeeing thou art free;
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and diſpoſes much
All hearts to ſadneſs, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are leſs ſoft
And plauſible than ſocial life requires,
And thou haſt need of diſcipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane addreſs
And ſweetneſs, without which no pleaſure is
In converſe, either ſtarved by cold reſerve,
Or fluſhed with fierce diſpute, a ſenſeleſs brawl:
Yet being free I love thee: for the ſake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Diſgraced as thou haſt been, poor as thou art,
To ſeek no ſublunary reſt beſide.
But once enſlaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.

Then what were left of roughneſs in the grain
Of Britiſh natures, wanting its excuſe
That it belongs to freemen, would diſguſt
And ſhock me. I ſhould then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I muſt bewail the bleſſing loſt,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at leaſt bewail it under ſkies
Milder, among a people leſs auſtere;
In ſcenes, which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loſs I felt.
Do I forebode impoſſible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
But the age of virtuous politics is paſt,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too ſhrewd to be ſincere,
And we too wiſe to truſt them. He that takes
Deep in his ſoft credulity the ſtamp
Deſigned by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themſelves the ſlaves of luſt,
Incurs deriſion for his eaſy faith
And lack of knowledge, and with cauſe enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be ſtrenuous in his country's cauſe,
Who ſlights the charities, for whoſe dear ſake
That country, if at all, muſt be beloved?

'Tis therefore ſober and good men are ſad
For England's glory, ſeeing it was pale
And ſickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So looſe to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undiſturbed by factious fumes,
Can dream them truſty to the general weal.
Such were not they of old, whoſe tempered blades
Diſperſed the ſhackles of uſurped control,
And hewed them link from link: then Albion's ſons
Were ſons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, ſhining each in his domeſtic ſphere,
Shone brighter ſtill, once called to public view.
'Tis therefore many, whoſe ſequeſtered lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce ſome dire event;
And, ſeeing the old caſtle of the ſtate,
That promiſed once more firmneſs, ſo aſſailed
That all its tempeſt-beaten turrets ſhake,
Stand motionleſs expectants of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was regiſtered in heaven ere time began.
We turn to duſt, and all our mightieſt works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A diſtant age aſks where the fabric ſtood;
And in the duſt, ſifted and ſearched in vain,
The undiſcoverable ſecret ſleeps.

But there is yet a liberty, unſung
By poets, and by ſenators unpraiſed,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away:
A liberty, which perſecution, fraud,
Oppreſſion, priſons, have no power to bind;
Which whoſo taſtes can be enſlaved no more.
'Tis liberty of heart derived from heaven,
Bought with HIS blood, who gave it to mankind,
And ſealed with the ſame token. It is held
By charter, and that charter ſanctioned ſure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promiſe of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal ſtamp, that ſpeaks them his,
And are auguſt; but this tranſcends them all.
His other works, the viſible diſplay
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the word
That, finding an interminable ſpace
Unoccupied, has filled the void ſo well,
And made ſo ſparkling what was dark before.
But theſe are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of ſo fair a ſcene,
Might well ſuppoſe the artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himſelf
Pronounced it tranſient, glorious as it is,
And ſtill deſigning a more glorious far,
Doomed it as inſufficient for his praiſe.
Theſe therefore are occaſional, and paſs;
Formed for the confutation of the fool,

Whoſe lying heart diſputes againſt a God;
That office ſerved, they muſt be ſwept away.
Not ſo the labours of his love: they ſhine
In other heavens than theſe that we behold,
And fade not. There is paradiſe that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruits he ſends
Large prelibation oft to ſaints below.
Of theſe the firſt in order, and the pledge
And confident aſſurance of the reſt,
Is liberty. A flight into his arms
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,
A clear eſcape from tyrannizing luſt,
And full immunity from penal woe.
Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes and a dungeon; and his body ſerves
The triple purpoſe. In that ſickly, foul,
Opprobrious reſidence he finds them all.
Propenſe his heart to idols, he is held
In ſilly dotage on created things,
Careleſs of their Creator. And that low
And ſordid gravitation of his powers
To a vile clod ſo draws him, with ſuch force
Reſiſtleſs from the centre he ſhould ſeek,
That he at laſt forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to ſink,
To reach a depth profounder ſtill, and ſtill
Profounder, in the fathomleſs abyſs
Of folly, plunging in purſuit of death.
But ere he gain the comfortleſs repoſe
He ſeeks, and acquieſcence of his ſoul

In heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not? from lufts oppofed in vain,
And felf-reproaching confcience. He forefees
The fatal iffue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the lofs of all,
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, fupportable. Still worfe,
Far worfe than all the plagues, with which his fins
Infect his happieft moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopelefs mifery. Future death,
And death ftill future. Not an hafty ftroke,
Like that which fends him to the dufty grave;
But unrepealable enduring death.
Scripture is ftill a trumpet to his fears:
What none can prove a forgery may be true;
What none but bad men wifh exploded muft.
That fcruple checks him. Riot is not loud,
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midft
Of laughter his compunctions are fincere;
And he abhors the jeft by which he fhines.
Remorfe begets reform. His mafter-luft
Falls firft before his refolute rebuke,
And feems dethroned and vanquifhed. Peace enfues,
But fpurious and fhort-lived; the puny child
Of felf-congratulating pride, begot
On fancied innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again; but finds his beft effay
A prefage ominous, portending ftill
Its own difhonour by a worfe relapfe.
Till Nature, unavailing nature, foiled

So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoffs at her own performance. Reaſon now
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cauſe
Perverſely, which of late ſhe ſo condemned;
With ſhallow ſhifts and old devices, worn
And tattered in the ſervice of debauch,
Covering his ſhame from his offended ſight.
"Hath God indeed given appetites to man,
"And ſtored the earth ſo plenteouſly with means
"To gratify the hunger of his wiſh;
"And doth he reprobate and will he damn
"The uſe of his own bounty? making firſt
"So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
"So ſtrict, that leſs than perfect muſt deſpair?
"Falſehood! which whoſo but ſuſpects of truth
"Diſhonours God, and makes a ſlave of man.
"Do they themſelves, who undertake for hire
"The teacher's office, and diſpenſe at large
"Their weekly dole of edifying ſtrains,
"Attend to their own muſic? have they faith
"In what with ſuch ſolemnity of tone
"And geſture they propound to our belief?
"Nay—conduct hath the loudeſt tongue. The voice
"Is but an inſtrument, on which the prieſt
"May play what tune he pleaſes. In the deed,
"The unequivocal authentic deed,
"We find ſound argument, we read the heart."
Such reaſonings (if that name muſt need belong
To excuſes in which reaſon has no part)
Serve to compoſe a ſpirit well inclined

To live on terms of amity with vice,
And ſin without diſturbance. Often urged,
(As often as libidinous diſcourſe
Exhauſted, he reſorts to ſolemn themes
Of theological and grave import)
They gain at laſt his unreſerved aſſent;
Till, hardened his heart's temper in the forge
Of luſt, and on the anvil of deſpair,
He ſlights the ſtrokes of conſcience. Nothing moves,
Or nothing much, his conſtancy in ill;
Vain tampering has but foſtered his diſeaſe;
'Tis deſperate, and he ſleeps the ſleep of death.
Haſte now, philoſopher, and ſet him free.
Charm the deaf ſerpent wiſely. Make him hear
Of rectitude and fitneſs, moral truth
How lovely, and the moral ſenſe how ſure,
Conſulted and obeyed, to guide his ſteps
Directly to the FIRST AND ONLY FAIR.
Spare not in ſuch a cauſe. Spend all the powers
Of rant and rhapſody in virtue's praiſe:
Be moſt ſublimely good, verboſely grand,
And with poetic trappings grace thy proſe,
Till it out-mantle all the pride of verſe.—
Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high ſounding braſs,
Smitten in vain! ſuch muſic cannot charm
The eclipſe, that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wandering ſoul.
The STILL SMALL VOICE is wanted. He muſt ſpeak,
Whoſe word leaps forth at once to its effect;
Who calls for things that are not, and they come.

Grace makes the ſlave a freeman. 'Tis a change,
That turns to ridicule the turgid ſpeech
And ſtately tone of moraliſts, who boaſt,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to ſmooth
The ſhag of ſavage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in ſong:
But transformation of apoſtate man
From fool to wiſe, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And he by means in philoſophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of diſdain, achieves
The wonder; humanizing what is brute
In the loſt kind, extracting from the lips
Of aſps their venom, overpowering ſtrength
By weakneſs, and hoſtility by love.
Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cauſe
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deſerve,
Receive proud recompenſe. We give in charge
Their names to the ſweet lyre. The hiſtoric muſe
Proud of the treaſure, marches with it down
To lateſt times; and ſculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in ſtone and ever-during braſs
To guard them, and to immortalize her truſt:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To thoſe, who poſted at the ſhrine of truth
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood
Well ſpent in ſuch a ſtrife may earn indeed,
And for a time enſure, to his loved land
The ſweets of liberty and equal laws;

But martyrs ſtruggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is ſhed
In confirmation of the nobleſt claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To ſoar, and to anticipate the ſkies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till perſecution dragged them into fame,
And chaſed them up to heaven. Their aſhes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and ſanctifies his ſong:
And hiſtory, ſo warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny, that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious ſufferers little praiſe *.
He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are ſlaves beſide. There's not a chain
That helliſh foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he caſts it off
With as much eaſe as Samſon his green wyths.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With thoſe whoſe manſions glitter in his ſight,
Calls the delightful ſcenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the reſplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inſpired,

* See Hume.

Can lift to heaven an unprefumptuous eye,
And fmiling fay—" My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphafis of intereft his,
Whofe eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whofe heart with praife, and whofe exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and ftill upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded foil, and ye may wafte much good
In fenfelefs riot; but ye will not find
In feaft or in the chafe, in fong or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeached
Of ufurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer ufe of your's than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the fea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the fame in every ftate;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whofe every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it lefs:
For he has wings, that neither ficknefs, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook fo narrow but he fpreads them there
With eafe, and is at large. The oppreffor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range

His ſpirit takes, unconſcious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyſelf with God, if thou wouldeſt taſte
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou ſhalt perceive that thou waſt blind before:
Thine eye ſhall be inſtructed; and thine heart
Made pure ſhall reliſh, with divine delight
'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone
And eyes intent upon the ſcanty herb,
It yields them; or recumbent on its brow
Ruminate heedleſs of the ſcene outſpread
Beneath, beyond, and ſtretching far away
From inland regions to the diſtant main.
Man views it, and admires; but reſts content
With what he views. The landſcape has his praiſe,
But not its author. Unconcerned who formed
The paradiſe he ſees, he finds it ſuch,
And ſuch well-pleaſed to find it, aſks no more.
Not ſo the mind, that has been touched from heaven,
And in the ſchool of ſacred wiſdom taught
To read his wonders, in whoſe thought the world,
Fair as it is, exiſted ere it was.
Not for its own ſake merely, but for his
Much more, who faſhioned it, he gives it praiſe;
Praiſe that from earth reſulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged ſovereign, finds at once,
Its only juſt proprietor in Him.
The ſoul that ſees him, or receives ſublimed

New faculties, or learns at leaſt to employ
More worthily the powers ſhe owned before,
Diſcerns in all things what, with ſtupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then ſhe overlooked,
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terreſtrial in the vaſt and the minute;
The unambiguous footſteps of the God,
Who gives its luſtre to an inſect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much converſant with heaven, ſhe often holds
With thoſe fair miniſters of light to man,
That fill the ſkies nightly with ſilent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what ſtrains were they
With which heaven rang, when every ſtar, in haſte
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the ſons of God
Shouted for joy.—" Tell me, ye ſhining hoſts,
" That navigate a ſea that knows no ſtorms,
" Beneath a vault unſullied with a cloud,
" If from your elevation, whence ye view
" Diſtinctly ſcenes inviſible to man,
" And ſyſtems, of whoſe birth no tidings yet
" Have reached this nether world, ye ſpy a race
" Favoured as our's; tranſgreſſors from the womb,
" And haſting to a grave, yet doomed to riſe,
" And to poſſeſs a brighter heaven than your's?
" As one, who long detained on foreign ſhores,
" Pants to return, and when he ſees afar
" His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,
" From the green wave emerging, darts an eye

"Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
"So I with animated hopes behold,
"And many an aching wiſh, your beamy fires,
"That ſhow like beacons in the blue abyſs,
"Ordained to guide the embodied ſpirit home
"From toilſome life to never-ending reſt.
"Love kindles as I gaze. I feel deſires,
"That give aſſurance of their own ſucceſs,
"And that infuſed from heaven muſt thither tend."
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, myſterious word!
Which whoſo ſees no longer wanders loſt,
With intellects bemazed in endleſs doubt,
But runs the road of wiſdom. Thou haſt built
With means, that were not till by thee employed,
Worlds, that had never been hadſt thou in ſtrength
Been leſs, or leſs benevolent than ſtrong.
They are thy witneſſes, who ſpeak thy power
And goodneſs infinite, but ſpeak in ears,
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures teſtify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyſelf. Their's is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praiſe of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its uſe.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Poſſeſs the heart, and fables falſe as hell;
Yet, deemed oracular, lure down to death
The uninformed and heedleſs ſouls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourſelves as blind,

The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human ſcrutiny, and proved
Then ſkilful moſt when moſt ſeverely judged.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reigneſt:
Thy providence forbids that fickle power
(If power ſhe be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refuſing while we can
Inſtruction, and inventing to ourſelves
Gods ſuch as guilt makes welcome; gods that ſleep,
Or diſregard our follies, or that ſit
Amuſed ſpectators of this buſtling ſtage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made ſuch by thee, we love thee for that cauſe
For which we ſhunned and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the ſoul, and by a flaſh from heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not
Till thou haſt touched them; 'tis the voice of ſong
A loud Hoſanna ſent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a ſhout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the general praiſe.
In that bleſt moment Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, diſcloſes with a ſmile
The author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind his own creation, works unſeen
By the impure, and hears his power denied.

Thou art the fource and centre of all minds,
Their only point of reft, eternal Word!
From thee departing they are loft, and rove
At random without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all, that fooths the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad fuccefs,
His ftrength to fuffer, and his will to ferve.
But oh thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyfelf the crown!
Give what thou canft, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

The Argument.

Bells at a diſtance.—Their effect.—A fine noon in winter.—A ſheltered walk.—Meditation better than books.—Our familiarity with the courſe of nature makes it appear leſs wonderful than it is.—The transformation that ſpring effects in a ſhrubbery deſcribed.—A miſtake concerning the courſe of nature corrected.—God maintains it by an unremitted act.—The amuſements faſhionable at this hour of the day approved.—Animals happy, a delightful ſight.—Origin of cruelty to animals.—That it is a great crime proved from ſcripture.—That proof illuſtrated by a tale.—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful deſtruction of them.—Their good and uſeful properties inſiſted on.—Apology for the encomiums beſtowed by the author on animals.—Inſtances of man's extravagant praiſe of man.—The groans of the creation ſhall have an end.—A view taken of the reſtoration of all things.—An invocation and an invitation of him who ſhall bring it to paſs.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uſeleſſneſs.—Concluſion.

There is in ſouls a ſympathy with ſounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleaſed
With melting airs or martial, briſk or grave,

Some chord in unifon with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How foft the mufic of thofe village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence fweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder ftill,
Clear and fonorous, as the gale comes on!
With eafy force it opens all the cells
Where memory flept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the fcene recurs,
And with it all its pleafures and its pains.
Such comprehenfive views the fpirit takes,
That in a few fhort moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his courfe)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrofpect the journey feems,
It feemed not always fhort; the rugged path,
And profpect oft fo dreary and forlorn,
Moved many a figh at its difheartening length.
Yet feeling prefent evils, while the paft
Faintly imprefs the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wifh time fpent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miffed that happinefs we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his fon's beft friend,
A father, whofe authority, in fhow
When moft fevere, and muftering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whofe favour, like the clouds of fpring, might lower,

And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a bleſſing in its darkeſt frown,
Threatening at once and nouriſhing the plant.
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand,
That reared us. At a thoughtleſs age, allured
By every gilded folly, we renounced
His ſheltering ſide, and wilfully forewent
That converſe, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected ſire! a mother too,
That ſofter friend, perhaps more gladly ſtill,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, ſince they went, ſubdued and tamed
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himſelf grown ſober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's preſence no reſtraint.
But not to underſtand a treaſure's worth
Till time has ſtolen away the ſlighted good,
Is cauſe of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderneſs it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiſs,
And, ſeeking grace to improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiſer ſuit than aſking more.
The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning ſharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the ſouthern ſide of the ſlant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blaſt,
The ſeaſon ſmiles, reſigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a ſpeck

The dazzling ſplendour of the ſcene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the embattled tower,
Whence all the muſic. I again perceive
The ſoothing influence of the wafted ſtrains,
And ſettle in ſoft muſings as I tread
The walk, ſtill verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whoſe outſpread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind ſways it, has yet well ſufficed,
And intercepting in their ſilent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noiſe is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreaſt warbles ſtill, but is content
With ſlender notes, and more than half ſuppreſſed:
Pleaſed with his ſolitude, and flitting light
From ſpray to ſpray, where'er he reſts he ſhakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillneſs, accompanied with ſounds ſo ſoft,
Charms more than ſilence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give an uſeful leſſon to the head,
And learning wiſer grow without his books.
Knowledge and wiſdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wiſdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable maſs,
The mere materials with which wiſdom builds,

Till ſmoothed and ſquared and fitted to its place,
Does but incumber whom it ſeems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned ſo much;
Wiſdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not ſeldom taliſmans and ſpells,
By which the magic art of ſhrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the faſcination of a name
Surrender judgment, hood-winked. Some the ſtyle
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them by a tune entranced.
While ſloth ſeduces more, too weak to bear
The inſupportable fatigue of thought,
And ſwallowing therefore without pauſe or choice
The total griſt unſifted, huſks and all.
But trees and rivulets whoſe rapid courſe,
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And ſheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes, in which the primroſe ere her time
Peeps through the moſs, that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no ſtudent. Wiſdom there, and truth,
Not ſhy, as in the world, and to be won
By ſlow ſolicitation, ſeize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themſelves.
What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in ſight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect we ſlight the cauſe,
And in the conſtancy of nature's courſe,
The regular return of genial months,

And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual ſun,
How would the world admire! but ſpeaks it leſs
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to ſink and when to riſe,
Age after age, than to arreſt his courſe?
All we behold is miracle; but ſeen
So duly all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that moved,
While ſummer was, the pure and ſubtle lymph
Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It ſleeps; and the icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impreſſed
A cold ſtagnation on the inteſtine tide.
But let the months go round, a few ſhort months,
And all ſhall be reſtored. Theſe naked ſhoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry muſic, ſighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aſpiring, and with ampler ſpread,
Shall boaſt new charms, and more than they have
Then, each in its peculiar honours clad, [loſt.
Shall publiſh even to the diſtant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In ſtreaming gold; ſyringa, ivory pure;
The ſcentleſs and the ſcented roſe; this red,
And of an humbler growth, the * other tall,

* The Guelder-roſe.

And throwing up into the darkeſt gloom
Of neighbouring cypreſs, or more ſable yew,
Her ſilver globes, light as the foamy ſurf,
That the wind ſevers from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now ſanguine, and her beauteous head now ſet
With purple ſpikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unreſolved
Which hue ſhe moſt approved, ſhe choſe them all;
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compenſating her ſickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late;
Hypericum all bloom, ſo thick a ſwarm
Of flowers, like flies clothing her ſlender rods,
That ſcarce a leaf appears; mezerion too,
Though leafleſs, well attired, and thick beſet
With bluſhing wreaths, inveſting every ſpray;
Althæa with the purple eye: the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her bloſſoms; and luxuriant above all
The jaſmine, throwing wide her elegant ſweets,
The deep dark green of whoſe unvarniſhed leaf
Makes more conſpicuous, and illumines more
The bright profuſion of her ſcattered ſtars.—
Theſe have been, and theſe ſhall be in their day;
And all this uniform uncoloured ſcene
Shall be diſmantled of its fleecy load,
And fluſh into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progreſs, when ſhe lectures man

In heavenly truth; evincing, as ſhe makes
The grand tranſition, that there lives and works
A ſoul in all things, and that ſoul is God.
The beauties of the wilderneſs are his,
That makes ſo gay the ſolitary place
Where no eye ſees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He ſets the bright proceſſion on its way,
And marſhals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which winter may not paſs,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its caſe,
Ruſſet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery ſeaſon fades and dies,
Deſigns the blooming wonders of the next.
Some ſay that in the origin of things,
When all creation ſtarted into birth,
The infant elements received a law,
From which they ſwerve not ſince. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not his immediate hand, who firſt
Preſcribed their courſe, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to ſave a God
The incumbrance of his own concerns, and ſpare
The great artificer of all that moves
The ſtreſs of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and ſevere a taſk.
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it ſeems,
To ſpan omnipotence, and meaſure might,

That knows no meaſure, by the ſcanty rule
And ſtandard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's ſun go down.
But how ſhould matter occupy a charge
Dull as it is, and ſatisfy a law
So vaſt in its demands, unleſs impelled
To ceaſeleſs ſervice by a ceaſeleſs force,
And under preſſure of ſome conſcious cauſe?
The Lord of all, himſelf through all diffuſed,
Suſtains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whoſe cauſe is God. He feeds the ſecret fire,
By which the mighty proceſs is maintained,
Who ſleeps not, is not weary; in whoſe ſight
Slow circling ages are as tranſient days;
Whoſe work is without labour; whoſe deſigns
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts:
And whoſe beneficence no charge exhauſts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not ſerved,
With ſelf-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddeſſes and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each ſome province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One ſpirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules univerſal nature. Not a flower
But ſhows ſome touch, in freckle, ſtreak, or ſtain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inſpires

Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms, with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And earth be punished for its tenant's sake,
Yet not in vengeance; as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream
Recovering fast its liquid music, prove.
Who then, that has a mind well strung and tuned
To contemplation, and within his reach
A scene so friendly to his favourite task,
Would waste attention at the chequered board,
His host of wooden warriors to and fro
Marching and countermarching, with an eye
As fixt as marble, with a forehead ridged
And furrowed into storms, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin?
Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,

Who pant with application misapplied
To trivial toys, and, pushing ivory balls
Across a velvet level, feel a joy
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
Its destined goal, of difficult access.
Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon
To miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
The polished counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again.
Nor him, who by his vanity seduced,
And soothed into a dream that he discerns
The difference of a Guido from a daub,
Frequents the crowded auction: stationed there
As duly as the Langford of the show,
With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,
And tongue accomplished in the fulsome cant
And pedantry, that coxcombs learn with ease;
Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate
That he has let it pass—but never bids!
Here unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the spring and play-time of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,

And prink their hair with daiſies, or to pick
A cheap but wholeſome ſallad from the brook,
Theſe ſhades are all my own. The timorous hare,
Grown ſo familiar with her frequent gueſt,
Scarce ſhuns me; and the ſtock-dove unalarmed
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor ſuſpends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in ſome lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outſlept the winter, ventures forth
To friſk awhile, and baſk in the warm ſun,
The ſquirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play:
He ſees me, and at once, ſwift as a bird,
Aſcends the neighbouring beech; there whiſks his brush,
And perks his ears, and ſtamps and cries aloud,
With all the prettineſs of feigned alarm,
And anger inſignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowſhip, as being void
Of ſympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendſhip both, that is not pleaſed
With ſight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happineſs augment his own.
The bounding fawn, that darts acroſs the glade
When none purſues, through mere delight of heart,
And ſpirits buoyant with exceſs of glee;
The horſe as wanton, and almoſt as fleet,
That ſkims the ſpacious meadow at full ſpeed,
Then ſtops and ſnorts, and throwing high his heels

Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving firft from one,
That leads the dance a fummons to be gay,
Though wild their ftrange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet refolved with one confent
To give fuch act and utterance as they may
To ecftafy too big to be fuppreffed—
Thefe, and a thoufand images of blifs,
With which kind nature graces every fcene,
Where cruel man defeats not her defign,
Impart to the benevolent, who wifh
All that are capable of pleafure pleafed,
A far fuperior happinefs to their's,
The comfort of a reafonable joy.
  Man fcarce had rifen, obedient to his call,
Who formed him from the duft, his future grave,
When he was crowned as never king was fince.
God fet the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wondering ftood
The new-made monarch, while before him paffed,
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
The creatures, fummoned from their various haunts
To fee their fovereign, and confefs his fway.
Vaft was his empire, abfolute his power,
Or bounded only by a law, whofe force
'Twas his fublimeft privilege to feel
And own, the law of univerfal love.
He ruled with meeknefs, they obeyed with joy;
No cruel purpofe lurked within his heart,

And no diſtruſt of his intent in their's.
So Eden was a ſcene of harmleſs ſport,
Where kindneſs on his part, who ruled the whole,
Begat a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor cauſe for fear.
But ſin marred all; and the revolt of man,
That ſource of evils not exhauſted yet,
Was puniſhed with revolt of his from him.
Garden of God, how terrible the change
Thy groves and lawns then witneſſed! Every heart,
Each animal of every name, conceived
A jealouſy and an inſtinctive fear,
And, conſcious of ſome danger, either fled
Precipitate the loathed abode of man,
Or growled defiance in ſuch angry ſort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord
Were driven from Paradiſe; and in that hour
The ſeeds of cruelty, that ſince have ſwelled
To ſuch gigantic and enormous growth,
Were ſown in human nature's fruitful ſoil.
Hence date the perſecution and the pain,
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardleſs of their plaints. To make him ſport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his baſe gluttony, are cauſes good
And juſt in his account, why bird and beaſt
Should ſuffer torture, and the ſtreams be dyed
With blood of their inhabitants impaled.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war

Waged with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they, that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorred resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,
They feared, and as his perfect image loved.
The wilderness is their's, with all its caves,
Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar as likes them, uncontrolled;
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.
Wo to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
Within the confines of their wild domain:
The lion tells him—I am monarch here—
And if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through generous scorn
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrained, they live
Dependent upon man; those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection.—Witness at his foot
The spaniel dying for some venial fault
Under dissection of the knotted scourge;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness; while the savage at his heels

Laughs at the frantic fufferer's fury, fpent
Upon the guiltlefs paffenger o'erthrown.
He too is witnefs, nobleft of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horfe:
With unfufpecting readinefs he takes
His murderer on his back, and pufhed all day
With bleeding fides and flanks, that heave for life,
To the far diftant goal, arrives and dies.
So little mercy fhows who needs fo much!
Does law, fo jealous in the caufe of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boafts
(As if barbarity were high defert)
The inglorious feat, and clamorous in praife
Of the poor brute, feems wifely to fuppofe
The honours of his matchlefs horfe his own:
But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
Is regiftered in heaven; and thefe no doubt
Have each their record, with a curfe annexed.
Man may difmifs compaffion from his heart,
But God will never. When he charged the Jew
To affift his foe's down-fallen beaft to rife;
And when the bufh-exploring boy, that feized
The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Proved he not plainly that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an intereft all,
All, in the univerfal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferred, by which we hold
The flefh of animals in fee, and claim

O'er all we feed on power of life and death.
But read the inftrument, and mark it well:
The oppreffion of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through fin,
Feed on the flain, but fpare the living brute!
The Governor of all, himfelf to all
So bountiful, in whofe attentive ear
The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unaffuaged, has interpofed,
Not feldom, his avenging arm, to fmite
The injurious trampler upon nature's law,
That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardnefs of a Balaam's heart;
And, prophet as he was, he might not ftrike
The blamelefs animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence
Saved him, or the unrelenting feer had died.
He fees that human equity is flack
To interfere, though in fo juft a caufe;
And makes the tafk his own. Infpiring dumb
And helplefs victims with a fenfe fo keen
Of injury, with fuch knowledge of their ftrength
And fuch fagacity to take revenge,
That oft the beaft has feemed to judge the man.
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of found intelligence rehearfed,
(If fuch who plead for Provideence may feem
In modern eyes) fhall make the doctrine clear.

Where England, ſtretched towards the ſetting ſun,
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the weſtern wave,
Dwelt young Miſagathus; a ſcorner he
Of God and goodneſs, atheiſt in oſtent,
Vicious in act, in temper ſavage-fierce.
He journeyed; and his chance was as he went
To join a traveller, of far different note,
Evander, famed for piety, for years
Deſerving honour, but for wiſdom more.
Fame had not left the venerable man
A ſtranger to the manners of the youth,
Whoſe face too was familiar to his view.
Their way was on the margin of the land,
O'er the green ſummit of the rocks, whoſe baſe
Beats back the roaring ſurge, ſcarce heard ſo high.
The charity, that warmed his heart, was moved
At ſight of the man monſter. With a ſmile
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wiſhed
Much to perſuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harſhly thundered forth or rudely preſſed,
But, like his purpoſe, gracious, kind, and ſweet.
" And doſt thou dream," the impenetrable man
Exclaimed, " that me the lullabies of age,
" And fantaſies of dotards ſuch as thou,
" Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
" Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
" Need no ſuch aids, as ſuperſtition lends,
" To ſteel their hearts againſt the dread of death."
He ſpoke, and to the precipice at hand

Puſhed with a madman's fury. Fancy ſhrinks,
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
Of ſuch a gulph as he deſigned his grave.
But, though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational, his ſteed
Declined the death, and wheeling ſwiftly round,
Or e'er his hoof had preſſed the crumbling verge,
Baffled his rider, ſaved againſt his will.
The frenzy of the brain may be redreſſed
By medicine well applied, but without grace
The heart's inſanity admits no cure.
Enraged the more, by what might have reformed
His horrible intent, again he ſought
Deſtruction, with a zeal to be deſtroyed,
With ſounding whip, and rowels dyed in blood.
But ſtill in vain. The Providence, that meant
A longer date to the far nobler beaſt,
Spared yet again the ignobler for his ſake.
And now, his prowefs proved, and his ſincere
Incurable obduracy evinced,
His rage grew cool; and pleaſed perhaps to have earned,
So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
With looks of ſome complacence he reſumed
His road, deriding much the blank amaze
Of good Evander, ſtill where he was left
Fixt motionleſs, and petrified with dread.
So on they fared. Diſcourſe on other themes
Enſuing ſeemed to obliterate the paſt;
And tamer far for ſo much fury ſhown,
(As is the courſe of raſh and fiery men)

The rude companion ſmiled, as if transformed.
But 'twas a tranſient calm. A ſtorm was near,
An unſuſpected ſtorm. His hour was come.
The impious challenger of Power divine
Was now to learn that Heaven, though ſlow to wrath,
Is never with impunity defied.
His horſe, as he had caught his maſter's mood,
Snorting, and ſtarting into ſudden rage,
Unbidden, and not now to be controlled,
Ruſhed to the cliff, and having reached it, ſtood.
At once the ſhock unſeated him: he flew
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and immerſed
Deep in the flood, found, when he ſought it not,
The death he had deſerved, and died alone.
So God wrought double juſtice; made the fool
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to ſafe revenge.

I would not enter on my liſt of friends
(Tho' graced with poliſhed manners and fine ſenſe,
Yet wanting ſenſibility) the man,
Who needleſsly ſets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent ſtep may cruſh the ſnail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aſide and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathſome to the ſight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A viſitor unwelcome, into ſcenes
Sacred to neatneſs and repoſe, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:

A neceſſary act incurs no blame.
Not ſo when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltleſs of offence, they range the air,
Or take their paſtime in the ſpacious field:
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Diſturbs the economy of nature's realm,
Who, when ſhe formed, deſigned them an abode.
The ſum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or ſafety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and muſt extinguiſh their's.
Elſe they are all—the meaneſt things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the firſt,
Who in his ſovereign wiſdom made them all.
Ye therefore, who love mercy, teach your ſons
To love it too. The ſpring-time of our years
Is ſoon diſhonoured and defiled in moſt
By budding ills, that aſk a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none ſooner ſhoots,
If unreſtrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, moſt deviliſh of them all.
Mercy to him, that ſhows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that ſhows none, being ripe in years,
And conſcious of the outrage he commits,
Shall ſeek it, and not find it, in his turn.
Diſtinguiſhed much by reaſon, and ſtill more
By our capacity of grace divine,

From creatures, that exist but for our sake,
Which, having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on their's.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance ,were given
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Matched with the expertness of the brutes in their's,
Are oft-times vanquished and thrown far behind.
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be weaned, or changed
By any change of fortune; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glistening even in the dying eye.

Man praiſes man. Deſert in arts or arms
Wins public honour; and ten thouſand ſit
Patiently preſent at a ſacred ſong,
Commemoration-mad; content to hear
(Oh wonderful effect of muſic's power!)
Meſſiah's eulogy for Handel's ſake.
But leſs, methinks, than ſacrilege might ſerve—
(For was it leſs, what heathen would have dared
To ſtrip Jove's ſtatue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?
Much leſs might ſerve, when all that we deſign
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a muſician's praiſe.
Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and while we praiſe
A talent ſo divine, remember too
That His moſt holy book, from whom it came,
Was never meant, was never uſed before,
To buckram out the memory of a man.
But huſh!—the muſe perhaps is too ſevere;
And with a gravity beyond the ſize
And meaſure of the offence, rebukes a deed
Leſs impious than abſurd, and owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong deſign.
So in the chapel of old Ely Houſe,
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,
Had fled from William, and the news was freſh,
The ſimple clerk, but loyal, did announce,

And eke did rear right merrily, two ſtaves,
Sung to the praiſe and glory of King George!
Man praiſes man; and Garrick's memory next,
When time hath ſomewhat mellowed it, and made
The idol of our worſhip while he lived
The God of our idolatry once more,
Shall have its altar; and the world ſhall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his ſhrine.
The theatre too ſmall ſhall ſuffocate
Its ſqueezed contents, and more than it admits
Shall ſigh at their excluſion, and return
Ungratified. For there ſome noble lord
Shall ſtuff his ſhoulders with king Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himſelf in Hamlet's inky cloak,
And ſtrut, and ſtorm, and ſtraddle, ſtamp and ſtare,
To ſhow the world how Garrick did not act,
For Garrick was a worſhipper himſelf;
He drew the liturgy, and framed the rites
And ſolemn ceremonial of the day,
And called the world to worſhip on the banks
Of Avon, famed in ſong. Ah, pleaſant proof
That piety has ſtill in human hearts
Some place, a ſpark or two not yet extinct.
The mulberry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths;
The mulberry-tree ſtood centre of the dance;
The mulberry-tree was hymned with dulcet airs;
And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry-tree
Supplied ſuch relics as devotion holds
Still ſacred, and preſerves with pious care.
So 'twas an hallowed time: decorum reigned,

And mirth without offence. No few returned,
Doubtlefs, much edified, and all refreſhed.
—Man praiſes man. The rabble all alive
From tippling benches, cellars, ſtalls, and ſtyes,
Swarm in the ſtreets. The ſtateſman of the day,
A pompous and ſlow-moving pageant, comes.
Some ſhout him, and ſome hang upon his car,
To gaze in's eyes, and bleſs him. Maidens wave
Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy:
While others, not ſo ſatisfied, unhorſe
The gilded equipage, and turning looſe
His ſteeds, uſurp a place they well deſerve.
Why? what has charmed them? Hath he ſaved the ſtate?
No. Doth he purpoſe its ſalvation? No.
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
That finds out every crevice of the head,
That is not found and perfect, hath in their's
Wrought this diſturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle muſt ſuffice him ſoon.
Thus idly do we waſte the breath of praiſe,
And dedicate a tribute, in its uſe
And juſt direction ſacred, to a thing
Doomed to the duſt, or lodged already there.
Encomium in old time was poets' work;
But poets, having laviſhly long ſince
Exhauſted all materials of the art,
The taſk now falls into the public hand;
And I, contented with an humbler theme,
Have poured my ſtream of panegyric down
The vale of nature, where it creeps, and winds

Among her lovely works with a secure
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.
And I am recompensed, and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and woe,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.
The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust, that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot paved with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt shall with a smile repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch:
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,

Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in ſkill to rear them, lights at laſt
On ſome fair theme, ſome theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulſe and the ſpur he feels
To give it praiſe proportioned to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a taſk more arduous ſtill.

Oh ſcenes ſurpaſſing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accompliſhed bliſs; which who can ſee,
Though but in diſtant proſpect, and not feel
His ſoul refreſhed with foretaſte of the joy?
Rivers of gladneſs water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenneſs is paſt. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own diſgrace,
Exults to ſee its thiſtly curſe repealed.
The various ſeaſons woven into one,
And that one ſeaſon an eternal ſpring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearleſs flocks; all baſk at noon
Together, or all gambol in the ſhade
Of the ſame grove, and drink one common ſtream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the ſerpent now: the mother ſees,
And ſmiles to ſee, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the creſted worm,
To ſtroke his azure neck, or to receive

The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worſhip man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
That creeping peſtilence is driven away;
The breath of heaven has chaſed it. In the heart
No paſſion touches a diſcordant ſtring,
But all is harmony and love. Diſeaſe
Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due courſe, nor fears the froſt of age.
One ſong employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was ſlain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From diſtant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till nation after nation taught the ſtrain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hoſanna round.
Behold the meaſure of the promiſe filled;
See Salem built, the labour of a God!
Bright as a ſun the ſacred city ſhines;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endleſs her increaſe. Thy rams are there,
* Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there;
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,

* Nebaioth and Kedar, the ſons of Iſhmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic ſcripture here alluded to, may be reaſonably conſidered as repreſentatives of the Gentiles at large.

And Saba's ſpicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praiſe is in all her gates: upon her walls,
And in her ſtreets, and in her ſpacious courts,
Is heard ſalvation. Eaſtern Java there
Kneels with the native of the fartheſt weſt;
And Æthiopia ſpreads abroad the hand,
And worſhips. Her report has travelled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To ſee thy beauty, and to ſhare thy joy,
O Sion! an aſſembly ſuch as earth
Saw never, ſuch as Heaven ſtoops down to ſee.
Thus heaven-ward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all muſt be at length reſtored.
So God has greatly purpoſed; who would elſe
In his diſhonoured works himſelf endure
Diſhonour, and be wronged without redreſs.
Haſte then, and wheel away a ſhattered world,
Ye ſlow revolving ſeaſons! we would ſee
(A ſight to which our eyes are ſtrangers yet)
A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,
And ſuffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good,
How pleaſant in itſelf what pleaſes him.
Here every drop of honey hides a ſting;
Worms wind themſelves into our ſweeteſt flowers;
And ev'n the joy, that haply ſome poor heart
Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is ſullied in the ſtream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at beſt impure.
Oh for a world in principle as chaſte

As this is groſs and ſelfiſh! over which
Cuſtom and prejudice ſhall bear no ſway,
That govern all things here, ſhouldering aſide
The meek and modeſt truth, and forcing her
To ſeek a refuge from the tongue of ſtrife
In nooks obſcure, far from the ways of men:
Where violence ſhall never lift the ſword,
Nor cunning juſtify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears:
Where he, that fills an office, ſhall eſteem
The occaſion it preſents of doing good
More than the perquiſite: where law ſhall ſpeak
Seldom, and never but as wiſdom prompts
And equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthleſs form, than to decide aright:
Where faſhion ſhall not ſanctify abuſe,
Nor ſmooth good-breeding (ſupplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of love!
  Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth;
And thou haſt made it thine by purchaſe ſince,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy ſaints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy ſaints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they ſee
The dawn of thy laſt advent, long-deſired,

Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tired
Of its own taunting question, asked so long,
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoiled,
And aims them at the shield of truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and traduced, are cast aside,
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.
They now are deemed the faithful, and are praised,
Who constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet even these
Worthy, compared with sycophants, who knee
Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man!
So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare
The world takes little thought. Who will may
preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To wandering sheep, resolved to follow none.
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain:
For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
And in their service wage perpetual war
With conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts,
And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth

To prey upon each other; ſtubborn, fierce,
High-minded, foaming out their own diſgrace.
Thy prophets ſpeak of ſuch; and, noting down
The features of the laſt degenerate times,
Exhibit every lineament of theſe.
Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the reſt,
Due to thy laſt and moſt effectual work,
Thy word fulfilled, the conqueſt of a world!
He is the happy man, whoſe life ev'n now
Shows ſomewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obſcure but tranquil ſtate,
Is pleaſed with it, and, were he free to chooſe,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith, [fruit
Prepare for happineſs; beſpeak him one
Content indeed to ſojourn while he muſt
Below the ſkies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her buſy ſearch
Of objects, more illuſtrious in her view;
And, occupied as earneſtly as ſhe,
Though more ſublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She ſcorns his pleaſures, for ſhe knows them not;
He ſeeks not her's, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot ſkim the ground like ſummer birds
Purſuing gilded flies; and ſuch he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliſs,
Whoſe power is ſuch, that whom ſhe lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unſeen,

And ſhows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not ſlothful he, though ſeeming unemployed,
And cenſured oft as uſeleſs. Stilleſt ſtreams
Oft water faireſt meadows, and the bird,
That flutters leaſt, is longeſt on the wing.
Aſk him, indeed, what trophies he has raiſed,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purpoſes, and he ſhall anſwer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent ſpirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains freſh triumphs o'er himſelf,
And never withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæſar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the ſelf-approving haughty world,
That as ſhe ſweeps him with her whiſtling ſilks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if ſhe ſee,
Deems him a cypher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiſeleſs hours,
Of which ſhe little dreams. Perhaps ſhe owes
Her ſunſhine and her rain, her blooming ſpring
And plenteous harveſt, to the prayer he makes,
When, Iſaac like, the ſolitary ſaint
Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herſelf.
Forgive him then, thou buſtler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the beſt,
If, author of no miſchief and ſome good,
He ſeek his proper happineſs by means,
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the ſecret path of life,

Engage no notice, and enjoy much eaſe,
Account him an incumbrance on the ſtate,
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
His ſphere though humble, if that humble ſphere
Shine with his fair example, and though ſmall
His influence, if that influence all be ſpent
In ſoothing ſorrow and in quenching ſtrife,
In aiding helpleſs indigence, in works,
From which at leaſt a grateful few derive
Some taſte of comfort in a world of wo,
Then let the ſupercilious great confeſs
He ſerves his country, recompenſes well
The ſtate, beneath the ſhadow of whoſe vine
He ſits ſecure, and in the ſcale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a ſlighted, place.
The man, whoſe virtues are more felt than ſeen,
Muſt drop indeed the hope of public praiſe;
But he may boaſt what few that win it can,
That if his country ſtand not by his ſkill,
At leaſt his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a ſenſual world
Draws groſs impunity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peeviſhly rejects a mode
Becauſe that world adopts it. If it bear
The ſtamp and clear impreſſion of good ſenſe,
And be not coſtly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum ſake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as ſhe.

She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceived; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
Though well perfumed and elegantly dressed,
Like an unburied carcase tricked with flowers,
Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with care
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me then, that once, when called
To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,
I played awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but soon, to please her more,
Whom flowers alone I knew would little please,
Let fall the unfinished wreath, and roved for fruit;
Roved far, and gathered much: some harsh, 'tis true,
Picked from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates, that can taste immortal truth;
Insipid else, and sure to be despised.

But all is in his hand, whoſe praiſe I ſeek.
In vain the poet ſings, and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful meaſures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minſtrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whoſe eye is on the heart;
Whoſe frown can diſappoint the proudeſt ſtrain,
Whoſe approbation—proſper even mine.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—
Alas how time escapes! 'tis even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart:
And, were I called to prove the assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.
Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seemed, but they were never such.

Horatio's ſervant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Leſt he ſhould treſpaſs, begged to go abroad.
Go, fellow!—whither?—turning ſhort about—
Nay. Stay at home—you are always going out.
'Tis but a ſtep, ſir, juſt at the ſtreet's end.—
For what?—An pleaſe you, ſir, to ſee a friend.—
A friend! Horatio cried, and ſeemed to ſtart—
Yea marry ſhalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw
I'll ſee him too—the firſt I ever ſaw.
I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But ſomewhat at that moment pinched him cloſe,
Elſe he was ſeldom bitter or moroſe.
Perhaps his confidence juſt then betrayed,
His grief might prompt him with the ſpeech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good-humour gave it birth,
The harmleſs play of pleaſantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Beſpoke at leaſt a man that knew mankind.
But not to moralize too much, and ſtrain
To prove an evil of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verboſely ſpun)
One ſtory more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emperor, a wiſe man,
No matter where, in China or Japan,
Decreed that whoſoever ſhould offend
Againſt the well-known duties of a friend,

Convicted once ſhould ever after wear
But half a coat, and ſhow his boſom bare.
The puniſhment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.
Oh happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary meaſure here;
Elſe, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the ſanction of our triple ſtate,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run moſt dreadful riſk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind ſhould blow,
Might traverſe England ſafely to and fro,
An honeſt man, cloſe-buttoned to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

TIROCINIUM:

OR,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Κεφαλαιον δη ϖαιδειας ορθη τροφη.

PLATO.

Αρχη ϖολιτειας απασης νεων τροφα.

DIOG. LAERT.

TO THE

REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,

RECTOR OF STOCK IN ESSEX,

THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M,

RECOMMENDING PRIVATE TUITION

IN PREFERENCE TO

AN EDUCATION AT SCHOOL,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Olney, Nov. 6, 1784.

TIROCINIUM.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength joined with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the maſter of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form indeed, the aſſociate of a mind
Vaſt in its powers, ethereal in its kind,
That form, the labour of almighty ſkill,
Framed for the ſervice of a free-born will,
Aſſerts precedence, and beſpeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the ſoul.
Hers is the ſtate, the ſplendour, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
For her the memory fills her ample page
With truths poured down from every diſtant age;
For her amaſſes an unbounded ſtore,
The wiſdom of great nations, now no more;
Though laden, not incumbered with her ſpoil;
Laborious, yet unconſcious of her toil;
When copiouſly ſupplied, then moſt enlarged;
Still to be fed, and not to be ſurcharged.
For her the fancy, roving unconfined,
The preſent muſe of every penſive mind,
Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
To nature's ſcenes than nature ever knew.

At her command winds riſe and waters roar,
Again ſhe lays them ſlumbering on the ſhore;
With flower and fruit the wilderneſs ſupplies,
Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp ariſe.
For her the judgment, umpire in the ſtrife
That grace and nature have to wage through life,
Quick-ſighted arbiter of good and ill,
Appointed ſage preceptor to the will,
Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
Guides the deciſion of a doubtful choice.
Why did the fiat of a God give birth
To yon fair ſun and his attendant earth?
And, when deſcending he reſigns the ſkies,
Why takes the gentler moon her turn to riſe,
Whom ocean feels through all his countleſs waves,
And owns her power on every ſhore he laves?
Why do the ſeaſons ſtill enrich the year,
Fruitful and young as in their firſt career?
Spring hangs her infant bloſſoms on the trees,
Rocked in the cradle of the weſtern breeze;
Summer in haſte the thriving charge receives
Beneath the ſhade of her expanded leaves,
Till autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at laſt in all their glowing hues.—
'Twere wild profuſion all, and bootleſs waſte,
Power miſemployed, munificence miſplaced,
Had not its author dignified the plan,
And crowned it with the majeſty of man.
Thus formed, thus placed, intelligent, and taught,
Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,

The wildeſt ſcorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a ſober moment time to pauſe,
To preſs the important queſtion on his heart,
" Why formed at all, and wherefore as thou art?"
If man be what he ſeems, this hour a ſlave,
The next mere duſt and aſhes in the grave;
Endued with reaſon only to deſcry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;
With paſſions, juſt that he may prove, with pain,
The force he ſpends againſt their fury vain;
And if, ſoon after having burnt, by turns,
With every luſt, with which frail nature burns,
His being end where death diſſolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;
Then he, of all that nature has brought forth,
Stands ſelf-impeached the creature of leaſt worth,
And uſeleſs while he lives, and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wiſdom of the ſkies.
  Truths, that the learned purſue with eager thought,
Are not important always as dear-bought,
Proving at laſt, though told in pompous ſtrains,
A childiſh waſte of philoſophic pains;
But truths, on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our ſhame and miſery not to learn,
Shine by the ſide of every path we tread
With ſuch a luſtre, he that runs may read.
'Tis true that, if to trifle life away
Down to the ſun-ſet of their lateſt day,
Then periſh on futurity's wide ſhore
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,

Were all that Heaven required of human kind,
And all the plan their deſtiny deſigned,
What none could reverence all might juſtly blame,
And man would breathe but for his Maker's ſhame.
But reaſon heard, and nature well peruſed,
At once the dreaming mind is diſabuſed.
If all we find poſſeſſing earth, ſea, air,
Reflect his attributes, who placed them there,
Fulfil the purpoſe, and appear deſigned
Proofs of the wiſdom of the all-ſeeing mind,
'Tis plain the creature, whom he choſe to inveſt
With kingſhip and dominion o'er the reſt,
Received his nobler nature, and was made
Fit for the power, in which he ſtands arrayed,
That firſt or laſt, hereafter if not here,
He too might make his author's wiſdom clear,
Praiſe him on earth, or obſtinately dumb
Suffer his juſtice in a world to come.
This once believed, 'twere logic miſapplied
To prove a conſequence by none denied,
That we are bound to caſt the minds of youth
Betimes into the mould of heavenly truth,
That taught of God they may indeed be wiſe,
Nor ignorantly wandering miſs the ſkies.
In early days the conſcience has in moſt
A quickneſs, which in later life is loſt:
Preſerved from guilt by ſalutary fears,
Or guilty ſoon relenting into tears.
Too careleſs often, as our years proceed,
What friends we ſought with, or what books we read,

Our parents yet exert a prudent care
To feed our infant minds with proper fare;
And wifely ftore the nurfery by degrees
With wholefome learning, yet acquired with eafe.
Neatly fecured from being foiled or torn
Beneath a pane of thin tranflucent horn,
A book (to pleafe us at a tender age
'Tis called a book, though but a fingle page)
Prefents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,
Which children ufe, and parfons—when they
preach.
Lifping our fyllables, we fcramble next
Through moral narrative, or facred text;
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marr'd, and who has ranfom'd man.
Points, which unlefs the fcripture made them plain,
The wifeft heads might agitate in vain.
O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the feafon of life's happy fpring,
I pleafed remember, and while memory yet
Holds faft her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whofe well-told tale
Sweet fiction and fweet truth alike prevail;
Whofe humorous vein, ftrong fenfe, and fimple ftyle,
May teach the gayeft, make the graveft fmile;
Witty, and well employed, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his flighted word;
I name thee not, left fo defpifed a name
Should move a fneer at thy deferved fame;
Yet ev'n in tranfitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with fober gray,

Revere the man, whoſe PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the ſoul to God.
'Twere well with moſt, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleaſed them at a riper age;
The man, approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at laſt in comfort, peace and joy;
And not with curſes on his heart, who ſtole
The gem of truth from his unguarded ſoul.
The ſtamp of artleſs piety impreſſed
By kind tuition on his yielding breaſt,
The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
Regards with ſcorn, though once received with awe;
And, warped into the labyrinth of lies,
That babblers, called philoſophers, deviſe,
Blaſphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man.
Touch but his nature in its ailing part,
Aſſert the native evil of his heart,
His pride reſents the charge, although the proof*
Riſe in his forehead, and ſeem rank enough:
Point to the cure, deſcribe a Saviour's croſs
As God's expedient to retrieve his loſs,
The young apoſtate ſickens at the view,
And hates it with the malice of a Jew.
How weak the barrier of mere nature proves,
Oppoſed againſt the pleaſures nature loves!
While ſelf-betrayed, and wilfully undone,
She longs to yield, no ſooner wooed than won.

* See 2 Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

Try now the merits of this bleſt exchange
Of modeſt truth for wit's eccentric range.
'Time was, he cloſed as he began the day
With decent duty, not aſhamed to pray:
The practice was a bond upon his heart,
A pledge he gave for a conſiſtent part;
Nor could he dare preſumptuouſly diſpleaſe
A power, confeſſed ſo lately on his knees.
But now farewell all legendary tales,
The ſhadows fly, philoſophy prevails;
Prayer to the winds, and caution to the waves;
Religion makes the free by nature ſlaves.
Prieſts have invented, and the world admired
What knaviſh prieſts promulgate as inſpired;
Till reaſon, now no longer overawed,
Reſumes her powers, and ſpurns the clumſy fraud;
And, common-ſenſe diffuſing real day,
The meteor of the goſpel dies away.
Such rhapſodies our ſhrewd diſcerning youth
Learn from expert inquirers after truth;
Whoſe only care, might truth preſume to ſpeak,
Is not to find what they profeſs to ſeek.
And thus, well-tutored only while we ſhare
A mother's lectures and a nurſe's care;
And taught at ſchools much mythologic ſtuff*,
But ſound religion ſparingly enough;

* The author begs leave to explain.—Senſible that, without ſuch knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor hiſtorians can be taſted, or indeed underſtood, he does not mean to cenſure

Our early notices of truth, difgraced,
Soon lofe their credit, and are all effaced.
Would you your fon fhould be a fot or dunce,
Lafcivious, headftrong, or all thefe at once;
That in good time the ftripling's finifhed tafte
For loofe expenfe, and fafhionable wafte,
Should prove your ruin, and his own at laft;
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childifh in mifchief only and in noife,
Elfe of a mannifh growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdnefs men.
There fhall he learn, ere fixteen winters old,
That authors are moft ufeful pawned or fold;
That pedantry is all that fchools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praife,
His counfellor and bofom-friend fhall prove,
And fome ftreet-pacing harlot his firft love.
Schools, unlefs difcipline were doubly ftrong,
Detain their adolefcent charge too long;
The management of tiros of eighteen
Is difficult, their punifhment obfcene.
The ftout tall captain, whofe fuperior fize
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.

the pains that are taken to inftruct a fchool-boy in the religion of the heathen, but merely that neglect of Chriftian culture which leaves him fhamefully ignorant of his own.

His pride, that ſcorns to obey or to ſubmit,
With them is courage; his effrontery wit.
His wild excurſions, window-breaking feats,
Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the ſtreets,
His hair-breadth 'ſcapes, and all his daring ſchemes,
Tranſport them, and are made their favourite themes.
In little boſoms ſuch achievements ſtrike
A kindred ſpark; they burn to do the like.
Thus, half-accompliſhed ere he yet begin
To ſhow the peeping down upon his chin;
And, as maturity of years comes on,
Made juſt the adept that you deſigned your ſon;
To enſure the perſeverance of his courſe,
And give your monſtrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tamed,
Or in one article of vice reclaimed,
Where no regard of ordinances is ſhown
Or looked for now, the fault muſt be his own.
Some ſneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither ſtrumpets' charms, nor drinking-bout,
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of ſpirit, and that ſpirit too,
Ye nurſeries of our boys, we owe to you:
Though from ourſelves the miſchief more proceeds,
For public ſchools 'tis public folly feeds.
The ſlaves of cuſtom and eſtabliſhed mode,
With pack-horſe conſtancy we keep the road,
Crooked or ſtraight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.

To follow foolifh precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is eafier than to think:
And fuch an age as our's baulks no expenfe,
Except of caution and of common-fenfe;
Elfe fure notorious fact and proof fo plain
Would turn our fteps into a wifer train.
I blame not thofe, who with what care they can
O'erwatch the numerous and unruly clan;
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promife a work, of which they muft defpair.
Have ye, ye fage intendants of the whole,
An ubiquarian prefence and controul,
Elifha's eye, that when Gehazi ftrayed,
Went with him, and faw all the game he played?
Yes—ye are confcious; and on all the fhelves
Your pupils ftrike upon, have ftruck yourfelves.
Or if by nature fober, ye had then,
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men;
Ye knew at leaft, by conftant proofs addreffed
To ears and eyes, the vices of the reft.
But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
And evils, not to be endured, endure,
Left power exerted, but without fuccefs,
Should make the little ye retain ftill lefs.
Ye once were juftly famed for bringing forth
Undoubted fcholarfhip and genuine worth;
And in the firmament of fame ftill fhines
A glory, bright as that of all the figns,
Of poets raifed by you, and ftatefmen, and divines.

Peace to them all! thofe brilliant times are fled,
And no fuch lights are kindling in their ftead.
Our ftriplings fhine indeed, but with fuch rays,
As fet the midnight riot in a blaze;
And feem, if judged by their expreffive looks,
Deeper in none than in their furgeons' books.
Say mufe, (for education made the fong,
No mufe can hefitate or linger long)
What caufes move us, knowing as we muft,
That thefe *menageries* all fail their truft,
To fend our fons to fcout and fcamper there,
While colts and puppies coft us fo much care?
Be it a weaknefs, it deferves fome praife,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The fcene is touching, and the heart is ftone,
That feels not at that fight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving fkill,
The very name we carved fubfifting ftill;
The bench on which we fat while deep employed,
Tho' mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet deftroyed:
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very fpot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleafing fpectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we feem almoft to obtain
Our innocent fweet fimple years again.

This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence firſt we ſtarted into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with ſuch unfailing ſway,
We feel it ev'n in age, and at our lateſt day.
Hark! how the fire of chits, whoſe future ſhare
Of claſſic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeneſs placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee;
And tells them, as he ſtrokes their ſilver locks,
That they muſt ſoon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning he regales his liſtening wife
With all the adventures of his early life;
His ſkill in coachmanſhip, or in driving chaiſe,
In bilking tavern bills, and ſpouting plays;
What ſhifts he uſed, detected in a ſcrape,
How he was flogged, or had the luck to eſcape;
What ſums he loſt at play, and how he ſold
Watch, ſeals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his *frolics*, ('tis a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of ſhame)
He gives the local bias all its ſway;
Reſolves that were he played his ſons ſhall play,
And deſtines their bright genius to be ſhown
Juſt in the ſcene, where he diſplayed his own.
The meek and baſhful boy will ſoon be taught,
To be as bold and forward as he ought;
The rude will ſcuffle through with eaſe enough,
Great ſchools ſuit beſt the ſturdy and the rough.
Ah happy deſignation, prudent choice,
The event is ſure; expect it; and rejoice!

Soon ſee your wiſh fulfilled in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.
The great indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
Excuſed the incumbrance of more ſolid worth,
Are beſt diſpoſed of where with moſt ſucceſs
They may acquire that confident addreſs,
Thoſe habits of profuſe and lewd expenſe,
That ſcorn of all delights but thoſe of ſenſe,
Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,
With ſo much reaſon all expect from them.
But families of leſs illuſtrious fame,
Whoſe chief diſtinction is their ſpotleſs name,
Whoſe heirs, their honours none, their income ſmall,
Muſt ſhine by true deſert, or not at all,
What dream they of, that with ſo little care
They riſk their hopes, their deareſt treaſure, there?
They dream of little Charles or William graced
With wig prolix, down flowing to his waiſt;
They ſee the attentive crowds his talents draw,
They hear him ſpeak—the oracle of law.
The father, who deſigns his babe a prieſt,
Dreams him epiſcopally ſuch at leaſt;
And, while the playful jockey ſcours the room
Briſkly, aſtride upon the parlour broom,
In fancy ſees him more ſuperbly ride
In coach with purple lined and mitres on its ſide.
Events improbable and ſtrange as theſe,
Which only a parental eye foreſees,
A public ſchool ſhall bring to paſs with eaſe.

But how? reſides ſuch virtue in that air,
As muſt create an appetite for prayer?
And will it breathe into him all the zeal,
That candidates for ſuch a prize ſhould feel,
To take the lead and be the foremoſt ſtill
In all true worth and literary ſkill?
"Ah blind to bright futurity, untaught
"The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought!
"Church-ladders are not always mounted beſt
"By learned clerks and Latiniſts profeſſed.
"The exalted prize demands an upward look,
"Not to be found by poring on a book.
"Small ſkill in Latin, and ſtill leſs in Greek,
"Is more than adequate to all I ſeek.
"Let erudition grace him or not grace,
"I give the bauble but the ſecond place;
"His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
"Subſiſt and centre in one point—a friend.
"A friend, whate'er he ſtudies or neglects,
"Shall give him conſequence, heal all defects.
"His intercourſe with peers and ſons of peers—
"There dawns the ſplendour of his future years;
"In that bright quarter his propitious ſkies
"Shall bluſh betimes, and there his glory riſe.
"*Your Lordſhip*, and *Your Grace!* what ſchool can teach
"A rhetoric equal to thoſe parts of ſpeech?
"What need of Homer's verſe or Tully's proſe,
"Sweet interjections! if he learn but thoſe?
"Let reverend churls his ignorance rebuke,
"Who ſtarve upon a dog's-eared Pentateuch,
"The parſon knows enough, who knows a duke."

Egregious purpoſe! worthily begun
In barbarous proſtitution of your ſon;
Preſſed on *his* part by means, that would diſgrace
A ſcrivener's clerk or footman out of place,
And ending, if at laſt its end be gained,
In ſacrilege, in God's own houſe profaned.
It may ſucceed; and, if his ſins ſhould call
For more than common puniſhment, it ſhall;
The wretch ſhall riſe, and be the thing on earth
Leaſt qualified in honour, learning, worth,
To occupy a ſacred, awful poſt,
In which the beſt and worthieſt tremble moſt.
The *royal letters* are a thing of courſe,
A king, that would, might recommend his horſe;
And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
Behold your biſhop! well he plays his part,
Chriſtian in name, and infidel in heart,
Ghoſtly in office, earthly in his plan,
A ſlave at court, elſewhere a lady's man.
Dumb as a ſenator, and as a prieſt
A piece of mere church-furniture at beſt;
To live eſtranged from God his total ſcope,
And his end ſure, without one glimpſe of hope.
But fair although and feaſible it ſeem,
Depend not much upon your golden dream;
For providence, that ſeems concerned to exempt
The hallowed bench from abſolute contempt,
In ſpite of all the wrigglers into place,
Still keeps a ſeat or two for worth and grace;

And therefore 'tis, that, though the fight be rare,
We fometimes fee a Lowth or Bagot there.
Befides, fchool-friendfhips are not always found,
Though fair in promife, permanent and found;
The moft difinterefted and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New fituations give a different caft
Of habit, inclination, temper, tafte;
And he, that feemed our counterpart at firft,
Soon fhows the ftrong fimilitude reverfed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make miftakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are at beft but pretty buds unblown,
Whofe fcent and hues are rather gueffed than known;
Each dreams that each is juft what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When difpofition, like a fail unfurled,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.
If, therefore, ev'n when honeft in defign,
A boyifh friendfhip may fo foon decline,
'Twere wifer fure to infpire a little heart
With juft abhorrence of fo mean a part,
Than fet your fon to work at a vile trade
For wages fo unlikely to be paid.
  Our public hives of puerile refort,
That are of chief and moft approved report,
To fuch bafe hopes, in many a fordid foul,
Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.
A principle, whofe proud pretenfions pafs
Unqueftioned, though the jewel be but glafs—

That with a world, not often over-nice,
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice;
Or rather a grofs compound, juftly tried,
Of envy, hatred, jealoufy, and pride—
Contributes moft perhaps to enhance their fame;
And emulation is its fpecious name.
Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,
Feel all the rage that female rivals feel;
The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes
Not brighter than in their's the fcholar's prize.
The fpirit of that competition burns
With all varieties of ill by turns;
Each vainly magnifies his own fuccefs,
Refents his fellow's, wifhes it were lefs,
Exults in his mifcarriage if he fail,
Deems his reward too great if he prevail,
And labours to furpafs him day and night,
Lefs for improvement than to tickle fpite.
The fpur is powerful, and I grant its force;
It pricks the genius forward in its courfe,
Allows fhort time for play, and none for floth;
And, felt alike by each, advances both:
But judge, where fo much evil intervenes,
The end, though plaufible, not worth the means.
Weigh, for a moment, claffical defert
Againft an heart depraved and temper hurt;
Hurt too perhaps for life; for early wrong
Done to the nobler part, affects it long;
And you are ftaunch indeed in learning's caufe,
If you can crown a difcipline, that draws
Such mifchiefs after it, with much applaufe.

Connexion formed for intereſt, and endeared
By ſelfiſh views, thus cenſured and caſhiered;
And emulation, as engendering hate,
Doomed to a no leſs ignominious fate;
The props of ſuch proud ſeminaries fall,
The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
Great ſchools rejected then, as thoſe that ſwell
Beyond a ſize that can be managed well,
Shall royal inſtitutions miſs the bays,
And ſmall academies win all the praiſe?
Force not my drift beyond its juſt intent,
I praiſe a ſchool as Pope a government;
So take my judgment in his language dreſſed,
" Whate'er is beſt adminiſtered is beſt."
Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well;
Then aſk not, Whether limited or large?
But, Watch they ſtrictly, or neglect their charge?
If anxious only that their boys may *learn*,
While *morals* languiſh, a deſpiſed concern,
The great and ſmall deſerve one common blame,
Different in ſize, but in effect the ſame.
Much zeal in virtue's cauſe all teachers boaſt,
Though motives of mere lucre ſway the moſt;
Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
For there the game they ſeek is eaſieſt found;
Though there, in ſpite of all that care can do,
Traps to catch youth are moſt abundant too.
If ſhrewd, and of a well-conſtructed brain,
Keen in purſuit, and vigorous to retain,

Your ſon come forth a prodigy of ſkill;
As, whereſoever taught, ſo formed, he will;
The pedagogue, with ſelf-complacent air,
Claims more than half the praiſe as his due ſhare.
But if, with all his genius, he betray,
Not more intelligent than looſe and gay,
Such vicious habits, as diſgrace his name,
Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;
Though want of due reſtraint alone have bred
The ſymptoms, that you ſee with ſo much dread;
Unenvied there, he may ſuſtain alone
The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.
Oh 'tis a ſight to be with joy peruſed,
By all whom ſentiment has not abuſed;
New-fangled ſentiment, the boaſted grace
Of thoſe, who never feel in the right place;
A ſight ſurpaſſed by none that we can ſhow,
Though Veſtris on one leg ſtill ſhine below;
A father bleſt with an ingenuous ſon,
Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
How!—turn again to tales long ſince forgot,
Æſop, and Phædrus, and the reſt?—Why not?
He will not bluſh that has a father's heart,
To take in childiſh plays a childiſh part;
But bends his ſturdy back to any toy,
That youth takes pleaſure in, to pleaſe his boy:
Then why reſign into a ſtranger's hand
A taſk as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your intereſt too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?

Why hire a lodging in a houſe unknown
For one, whoſe tendereſt thoughts all hover round
your own?
This ſecond weaning, needleſs as it is,
How does it lacerate both your heart and his!
The indented ſtick, that loſes day by day
Notch after notch, till all are ſmoothed away,
Bears witneſs, long ere his diſmiſſion come,
With what intenſe deſire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to anſwer in the proof,
Harmleſs, and ſafe, and natural, as they are,
A diſappointment waits him even there:
Arrived, he feels an unexpected change,
He bluſhes, hangs his head, is ſhy and ſtrange,
No longer takes, as once, with fearleſs eaſe,
His favourite ſtand between his father's knees,
But ſeeks the corner of ſome diſtant ſeat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,
And, leaſt familiar where he ſhould be moſt,
Feels all his happieſt privileges loſt.
Alas, poor boy!—the natural effect
Of love by abſence chilled into reſpect,
Say, what accompliſhments, at ſchool acquired,
Brings he, to ſweeten fruits ſo undeſired?
Thou well deſerveſt an alienated ſon,
Unleſs thy conſcious heart acknowledge—none;
None that, in thy domeſtic ſnug receſs,
He had not made his own with more addreſs,
Though ſome perhaps that ſhock thy feeling mind,
And better never learned, or left behind.

Add too, that, thus eſtranged, thou canſt obtain
By no kind arts his confidence again;
That here begins with moſt that long complaint
Of filial frankneſs loſt, and love grown faint,
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardleſs ears.
Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
By ſlender threads, and ſwinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and ſore diſgrace
The boughs, in which are bred the unſeemly race;
While every worm induſtriouſly weaves
And winds his web about the rivelled leaves;
So numerous are the follies, that annoy
The mind and heart of every ſprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverſe,
Which admonition can alone diſperſe.
The encroaching nuiſance aſks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhauſt the plant, on which they feed.
'Tis not enough that Greek or Roman page,
At ſtated hours, his freakiſh thoughts engage;
Ev'n in his paſtimes he requires a friend
To warn, and teach him ſafely to unbend,
O'er all his pleaſures gently to preſide,
Watch his emotions, and control their tide;
And levying thus, and with an eaſy ſway,
A tax of profit from his very play,
To impreſs a value, not to be eraſed,
On moments ſquandered elſe, and running all to
waſte.

And feems it nothing in a father's eye
That unimproved thofe many moments fly?
And is he well content his fon fhould find
No nourifhment to feed his growing mind,
But conjugated verbs and nouns declined?
For fuch is all the mental food purveyed
By public hacknies in the fchooling trade;
Who feed a pupil's intellect with ftore
Of fyntax, truly, but with little more;
Difmifs their cares when they difmifs their flock,
Machines themfelves, and governed by a clock.
Perhaps a father, bleft with any brains,
Would deem it no abufe, or wafte of pains,
To improve this diet, at no great expenfe,
With favory truth and wholefome common fenfe;
To lead his fon, for profpects of delight,
To fome not fteep, though philofophic, height,
Thence to exhibit to his wondering eyes
Yon circling worlds, their diftance, and their fize,
The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
And the harmonious order of them all;
To fhow him in an infect or a flower
Such microfcopic proof of fkill and power,
As, hid from ages paft, God now difplays
To combat atheifts with in modern days;
To fpread the earth before him, and commend,
With defignation of the finger's end,
Its various parts to his attentive note,
Thus bringing home to him the moft remote;

To teach his heart to glow with generous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame:
And, more than all, with commendation due
To ſet ſome living worthy in his view,
Whoſe fair example may at once inſpire
A wiſh to copy what he muſt admire.
Such knowledge gained betimes, and which appears,
Though ſolid, not too weighty for his years,
Sweet in itſelf, and not forbidding ſport,
When health demands it, of athletic ſort,
Would make him—what ſome lovely boys have been,
And more than one perhaps that I have ſeen—
An evidence and reprehenſion both
Of the mere ſchool-boy's lean and tardy growth.
Art thou a man profeſſionally tied,
With all thy faculties elſewhere applied,
Too buſy to intend a meaner care
Than how to enrich thyſelf, and next thine heir;
Or art thou (as though rich, perhaps thou art)
But poor in knowledge, having none to impart:—
Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad;
His ſprightly mingled with a ſhade of ſad;
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men;
No jeſter, and yet lively in diſcourſe,
His phraſe well choſen, clear and full of force;
And his addreſs, if not quite French in eaſe,
Not Engliſh ſtiff, but frank, and formed to pleaſe;
Low in the world, becauſe he ſcorns its arts;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;

Unpatronized, and therefore little known;
Wife for himſelf and his few friends alone—
In him thy well-appointed proxy ſee,
Armed for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepared by taſte, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy ſon, to ſtrike his genius forth;
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of diſcipline when backed by love;
To double all thy pleaſure in thy child,
His mind informed, his morals undefiled.
Safe under ſuch a wing, the boy ſhall ſhow
No ſpots contracted among grooms below,
Nor taint his ſpeech with meanneſſes, deſigned
By footman Tom for witty and refined.
There, in his commerce with the liveried herd,
Lurks the contagion chiefly to be feared;
For ſince (ſo faſhion dictates) all, who claim
An higher than a mere plebeian fame,
Find it expedient, come what miſchief may,
To entertain a thief or two in pay,
(And they that can afford the expenſe of more,
Some half a dozen, and ſome half a ſcore).
Great cauſe occurs to ſave him from a band
So ſure to ſpoil him, and ſo near at hand;
A point ſecured, if once he be ſupplied
With ſome ſuch Mentor always at his ſide.
Are ſuch men rare? perhaps they would abound
Were occupation eaſier to be found,
Were education, elſe ſo ſure to fail,
Conducted on a manageable ſcale,

And ſchools that have out-lived all juſt eſteem,
Exchanged for the ſecure domeſtic ſcheme.—
But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,
Show thou haſt ſenſe enough to prize the pearl,
And, as thou wouldſt the advancement of thine heir
In all good faculties beneath his care,
Reſpect, as is but rational and juſt,
A man deemed worthy of ſo dear a truſt.
Deſpiſed by thee, what more can he expect
From youthful folly than the ſame neglect?
A flat and fatal negative obtains
That inſtant upon all his future pains;
His leſſons tire, his mild rebukes offend,
And all the inſtructions of thy ſon's beſt friend
Are a ſtream choaked, or trickling to no end.
Doom him not then to ſolitary meals;
But recollect that he has ſenſe, and feels;
And that, poſſeſſor of a ſoul refined,
An upright heart, and cultivated mind,
His poſt not mean, his talents not unknown,
He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
And, if admitted at thy board he ſit,
Account him no juſt mark for idle wit;
Offend not him, whom modeſty reſtrains
From repartee, with jokes that he diſdains;
Much leſs transfix his feelings with an oath;
Nor frown, unleſs he vaniſh with the cloth.—
And, truſt me, his utility may reach
To more than he is hired or bound to teach;

Much trafh unuttered, and fome ills undone,
Through reverence of the cenfor of thy fon.
But, if thy table be indeed unclean,
Foul with excefs, and with difcourfe obfcene,
And thou a wretch, whom, following her old plan,
The world accounts an honourable man,
Becaufe forfooth thy courage has been tried
And ftood the teft, perhaps on the wrong fide;
Though thou hadft never grace enough to prove
That any thing but vice could win thy love;—
Or haft thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chained to the routs that fhe frequents for life;
Who, juft when induftry begins to fnore,
Flies, winged with joy, to fome coach crowded door;
And thrice in every winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and fedans in town,
Thyfelf meanwhile e'en fhifting as thou mayeft;
Not very fober though, nor very chafte;—
Or is thine houfe, though lefs fuperb thy rank,
If not a fcene of pleafure, a mere blank,
And thou at beft, and in thy fobereft mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good;
Though mercy for thyfelf thou canft have none,
Hear nature plead, fhow mercy to thy fon.
Saved from his home, where every day brings forth
Some mifchief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a diftant fpot,
Within fome pious paftor's humble cot,
Where vile example (your's I chiefly mean,
The moft feducing and the ofteneft feen)

May never more be stamped upon his breast,
Not yet perhaps incurably impressed.
Where early rest makes early rising sure,
Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain;
Or, if it enter, soon starved out again:
Where all the attention of his faithful host,
Discreetly limited to two at most,
May raise such fruits as shall reward his care,
And not at last evaporate in air:
Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclined,
Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home,
Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
His virtuous toil may terminate at last
In settled habit and decided taste.—
But whom do I advise? the fashion-led,
The incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead,
Whom care and cool deliberation suit
Not better much than spectacles a brute;
Who, if their sons some slight tuition share,
Deem it of no great moment whose, or where;
Too proud to adopt the thoughts of one unknown,
And much too gay to have any of their own.
But courage, man! methought the muse replied,
Mankind are various, and the world is wide:
The ostrich, silliest of the feathered kind,
And formed of God without a parent's mind,
Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust:

And, while on public nurferies they rely,
Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
Irrational in what they thus prefer,
No few, that would feem wife, refemble her.
But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
May here and there prevent erroneous choice;
And fome perhaps, who, bufy as they are,
Yet make their progeny their deareft care,
(Whofe hearts will ache, once told what ills may reach
Their offspring, left upon fo wild a beach)
Will need no ftrefs of argument to enforce
The expedience of a lefs adventurous courfe:
The reft will flight thy counfel, or condemn;
But *they* have human feelings—turn to *them*.
To you then, tenants of life's middle ftate,
Securely placed between the fmall and great,
Whofe character, yet undebauched, retains
Two thirds of all the virtue that remains,
Who, wife yourfelves, defire your fon fhould learn
Your wifdom and your ways—to you I turn.
Look round you on a world perverfely blind;
See what contempt is fallen on human kind;
See wealth abufed, and dignities mifplaced,
Great titles, offices and trufts difgraced,
Long lines of anceftry, renowned of old,
Their noble qualities all quenched and cold;
See Bedlam's clofetted and hand-cuffed charge
Surpaffed in frenzy by the mad at large;
See great commanders making war a trade,
Great lawyers, lawyers without ftudy made;

Churchmen, in whoſe eſteem their bleſt employ
Is odious, and their wages all their joy,
Who, far enough from furniſhing their ſhelves
With goſpel lore, turn infidels themſelves;
See womanhood deſpiſed, and manhood ſhamed
With infamy too nauſeous to be named,
Fops at all corners, lady-like in mien,
Civetted fellows, ſmelt ere they are ſeen,
Elſe coarſe and rude in manners, and their tongue
On fire with curſes, and with nonſenſe hung,
Now fluſhed with drunk'neſs, now with whore-
dom pale,
Their breath a ſample of laſt night's regale;
See volunteers in all the vileſt arts,
Men well endowed, of honourable parts,
Deſigned by nature wiſe, but ſelf-made fools;
All theſe, and more like theſe, were bred at ſchools.
And if it chance, as ſometimes chance it will,
That though ſchool-bred the boy be virtuous ſtill;
Such rare exceptions, ſhining in the dark,
Prove, rather than impeach, the juſt remark:
As here and there a twinkling ſtar deſcried
Serves but to ſhow how black is all beſide.
Now look on him, whoſe very voice in tone
Juſt echoes thine, whoſe features are thine own,
And ſtroke his poliſhed cheek of pureſt red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And ſay, My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, tranſplanted from thy genial home,
Muſt find a colder ſoil and bleaker air,
And truſt for ſafety to a ſtranger's care;

What character, what turn thou wilt assume
From constant converse with I know not whom;
Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,
And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose;
Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,
Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.
Can'st thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids,
And while the dreadful risque foreseen forbids;
Free too, and under no constraining force,
Unless the sway of custom warp thy course;
Lay such a stake upon the losing side,
Merely to gratify so blind a guide?
Thou can'st not! Nature, pulling at thine heart,
Condemns the unfatherly, the imprudent part.
Thou wouldest not, deaf to Nature's tenderest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea,
Nor say, *Go thither*, conscious that there lay
A brood of asps, or quicksands in his way;
Then, only governed by the self-same rule
Of natural pity, send him not to school.
No—guard him better. Is he not thine own,
Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone?
And hopest thou not ('tis every father's hope)
That, since thy strength must with thy years elope,
And thou wilt need some comfort to assuage
Health's last farewell, a staff in thine old age,
That then, in recompense of all thy cares,
Thy child shall show respect to thy gray hairs,
Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,
And give thy life its only cordial left?

Aware then how much danger intervenes,
To compaſs that good end, forecaſt the means.
His heart, now paſſive, yields to thy command;
Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand.
If thou deſert thy charge, and throw it wide,
Nor heed what gueſts there enter and abide,
Complain not if attachments lewd and baſe
Supplant thee in it, and uſurp thy place.
But, if thou guard its ſacred chambers ſure
From vicious inmates and delights impure,
Either his gratitude ſhall hold him faſt,
And keep him warm and filial to the laſt;
Or, if he prove unkind (as who can ſay
But, being man, and therefore frail, he may?)
One comfort yet ſhall cheer thine aged heart,
Howe'er he ſlight thee, thou haſt done thy part.
Oh barbarous! wouldeſt thou with a Gothic hand
Pull down the ſchools—what!—all the ſchools i' th' land;
Or throw them up to livery-nags and grooms,
Or turn them into ſhops and auction rooms?
A captious queſtion, ſir, (and your's is one)
Deſerves an anſwer ſimilar, or none.
Wouldeſt thou, poſſeſſor of a flock, employ
(Apprized that he is ſuch) a careleſs boy,
And feed him well, and give him handſome pay,
Merely to ſleep, and let them run aſtray?
Survey our ſchools and colleges, and ſee
A ſight not much unlike my ſimile.

From education, as the leading caufe,
The public character its colour draws;
Thence the prevailing manners take their caft,
Extravagant or fober, loofe or chafte.
And, though I would not advertife them yet,
Nor write on each—*This Building to be Let,*
Unlefs the world were all prepared to embrace
A plan well worthy to fupply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean,
(Forgive the crime) I wifh them, I confefs,
Or better managed, or encouraged lefs.

TRANSLATION OF

PRIOR'S
CHLOE AND EUPHELIA.

I.

MERCATOR, vigiles oculos ut fallere poſſit,
  Nomine ſub ficto trans mare mittit opes;
Lené ſonat liquidumque meis Euphelia chordis,
  Sed ſolam exoptant te, mea vota, Chlöe.

II.

Ad ſpeculum ornabat nitidos Euphelia crines,
  Cum dixit mea lux, heus, cane, ſume lyram.
Namque lyram juxtà poſitam cum carmine vidit,
  Suave quidem carmen dulciſonamque lyram,

III.

Fila lyræ vocemque paro, ſuſpiria ſurgunt,
  Et miſcent numeris murmura mæſta meis,
Dumque tuæ memoro laudes, Euphelia, formæ,
  Tota anima intereà pendet ab ore Chlöes.

IV.

Subrubet illa pudore, et contrahit altera frontem,
  Me torquet mea mens conſcia, pſallo, tremo;
Atque Cupidineâ dixit Dea cincta corona,
  Heu! fallendi artem quam didicere parum.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.

I.

THE ſwallows in their torpid ſtate
Compoſe their uſeleſs wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early ſpring.

II.

The keeneſt froſt that binds the ſtream
The wildeſt wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor feared by them
Secure of their repoſe.

III.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy ſcene ſurveys;
With preſent ills his heart muſt ake,
And pant for brighter days.

IV.

Old winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely ſpring peeps o'er his head,
And whiſpers your return.

V.

Then April, with her ſiſter May,
Shall chaſe him from the bowers,
And weave freſh garlands every day,
To crown the ſmiling hours.

VI.

And, if a tear, that ſpeaks regret
  Of happier times, appear,
A glimpſe of joy, that we have met,
  Shall ſhine and dry the tear.

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

(NOW MRS. COURTNEY.)

SHE came—ſhe is gone—we have met—
  And meet perhaps never again;
The ſun of that moment is ſet,
  And ſeems to have riſen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream—
  (So vaniſhes pleaſure, alas!)
But has left a regret and eſteem,
  That will not ſo ſuddenly paſs.

The laſt evening ramble we made,
  Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progreſs was often delayed
  By the nightingale warbling nigh.

We paused under many a tree,
  And much she was charmed with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
  Who had witnessed so lately her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
  And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
  Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteemed
  The work of my fancy the more,
And ev'n to myself never seemed
  So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
  In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
  Would feel herself happier here;
For the close woven arches of limes
  On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
  Than all that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
  With a well-judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellished or rude,
  'Tis nature alone that we love.
The achievements of art may amuse,
  May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and vallies, diffuse
  A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural receſs
  Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it ſtill be her lot to poſſeſs
  The ſcene of her ſenſible choice!
To inhabit a manſion remote
  From the clatter of ſtreet-pacing ſteeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
  To meaſure the life that ſhe leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
  To wing all her moments at home,
And with ſcenes that new rapture inſpire
  As oft as it ſuits her to roam,
She will have juſt the life ſhe prefers,
  With little to wiſh or to fear,
And ours will be pleaſant as hers,
  Might we view her enjoying it here.

THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT (or if 'chance you hold
That title now too trite and old)
A man, once young, who lived retired
As hermit, could have well deſired,

His hours of ſtudy cloſed at laſt,
And finiſhed his conciſe repaſt,
Stoppled his cruſe, replaced his book
Within its cuſtomary nook,
And, ſtaff in hand, ſet forth to ſhare
The ſober cordial of ſweet air,
Like Iſaac, with a mind applied
To ſerious thought at evening-tide.
Autumnal rains had made it chill,
And from the trees, that fringed his hill,
Shades ſlanting at the cloſe of day
Chilled more his elſe delightful way.
Diſtant a little mile he ſpied
A weſtern bank's ſtill ſunny ſide,
And right toward the favoured place
Proceeding with his nimbleſt pace,
In hope to baſk a little yet,
Juſt reached it when the ſun was ſet.
Your hermit, young and jovial, ſirs!
Learns ſomething from whate'er occurs—
And hence, he ſaid, my mind computes
The real worth of man's purſuits.
His object choſen, wealth or fame,
Or other ſublunary game,
Imagination to his view
Preſents it decked with every hue,
That can ſeduce him not to ſpare
His powers of beſt exertion there,
But youth, health, vigour to expend
On ſo deſirable an end.

Ere long approach life's evening ſhades,
The glow that fancy gave it fades;
And, earned too late, it wants the grace,
Which firſt engaged him in the chaſe.
  True, anſwered an angelic guide,
Attendant at the ſenior's ſide—
But whether all the time it coſt
To urge the fruitleſs chaſe be loſt,
Muſt be decided by the worth
Of that, which called his ardour forth.
Trifles purſued, whate'er the event,
Muſt cauſe him ſhame or diſcontent;
A vicious object ſtill is worſe,
Succeſsful there he wins a curſe;
But he, whom ev'n in life's laſt ſtage
Endeavours laudable engage,
Is paid, at leaſt in peace of mind,
And ſenſe of having well deſigned;
And if, ere he attain his end,
His ſun precipitate deſcend,
A brighter prize than that he meant
Shall recompenſe his mere intent.
No virtuous wiſh can bear a date
Either too early or too late.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The green-houſe is my ſummer ſeat;
My ſhrubs diſplaced from that retreat
Enjoyed the open air;
Two goldfinches, whoſe ſprightly ſong
Had been their mutual ſolace long,
Lived happy priſoners there.

They ſang, as blithe as finches ſing,
That flutter looſe on golden wing,
And frolic where they liſt;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miſſed.

But nature works in every breaſt;
Inſtinct is never quite ſuppreſſed;
And Dick felt ſome deſires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Inſtructed him at length to gain
A paſs between his wires.

The open windows ſeemed to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was ſtill confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and ſincere
To leave his friend behind.

For, ſettling on his grated roof,
He chirped and kiſſed him, giving proof
That he deſired no more;
Nor would forſake his cage at laſt,
Till gently ſeized, I ſhut him faſt,
A priſoner as before.

Oh ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendſhip, ſatisfied with noiſe,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Bluſh, when I tell you how a bird,
A priſon with a friend preferred
To liberty without.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

There is a field, through which I often paſs,
Thick overſpread with moſs and ſilky graſs,
Adjoining cloſe to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapleſs brood.

Reserved to ſolace many a neighbouring 'ſquire,
That he may follow them through brake and briar,
Contuſion hazarding of neck or ſpine,
Which rural gentlemen call ſport divine.
A narrow brook, by ruſhy banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks interſperſe it, that had once a head,
But now wear creſts of oven-wood inſtead;
And where the land ſlopes to its watery bourn,
Wide yawns a gulph beſide a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the ſides, but ſhivered long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow ſcooped, I judge in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.
Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry gueſt, is fed;
Nor autumn yet had bruſhed from every ſpray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;
But corn was houſed, and beans were in the ſtack,
Now therefore iſſued forth the ſpotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats
With a whole gamut filled of heavenly notes,
For which, alas! my deſtiny ſevere,
Though ears ſhe gave me two, gave me no ear.
The ſun, accompliſhing his early march,
His lamp now planted on heaven's topmoſt arch,
When, exerciſe and air my only aim,
And heedleſs whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthleſs joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,

Or with the high-raiſed horn's melodious clang
All Kilwick * and all Dingle-derry * rang.
  Sheep grazed the field; ſome with ſoft boſom preſſed
The herb as ſoft, while nibbling ſtrayed the reſt;
Nor noiſe was heard but of the haſty brook,
Struggling, detained in many a petty nook.
All ſeemed ſo peaceful, that from them conveyed
To me, their peace by kind contagion ſpread.
  But when the huntſman, with diſtended cheek,
'Gan make his inſtrument of muſic ſpeak,
And from within the wood that craſh was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burſt appeared,
The ſheep recumbent, and the ſheep that grazed,
All huddling into phalanx, ſtood and gazed,
Admiring, terrified, the novel ſtrain,
Then courſed the field around, and courſed it round again;
But, recollecting with a ſudden thought,
That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,
They gathered cloſe around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.
  The man to ſolitude accuſtomed long,
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but ſhrubs and trees,
Have ſpeech for him, and underſtood with eaſe;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all:
Knows what the freſhneſs of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largeſs of the ſkies;

* Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Eſq.

But, with preciſion nicer ſtill, the mind
He ſcans of every loco-motive kind;
Birds of all feather, beaſts of every name,
That ſerve mankind, or ſhun them, wild or tame;
The looks and geſtures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;
He ſpells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no gloſſary to ſet him right.
This truth premiſed was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.
Awhile they muſed; ſurveying every face,
Thou hadſt ſuppoſed them of ſuperior race;
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combined,
Stamped on each countenance ſuch marks of mind,
That ſage they ſeemed, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at laſt they puzzle out;
Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths;
When thus a mutton, ſtatelier than the reſt,
A ram, the ewes and wethers ſad, addreſſed.
Friends! we have lived too long. I never heard
Sounds ſuch as theſe, ſo worthy to be feared.
Could I believe that winds for ages pent
In earth's dark womb have found at laſt a vent,
And from their priſon-houſe below ariſe,
With all theſe hideous howlings to the ſkies,
I could be much compoſed, nor ſhould appear
For ſuch a cauſe to feel the ſlighteſt fear.
Yourſelves have ſeen, what time the thunders rolled
All night, we reſting quiet in the fold.

Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone;
Should deem it by our old companion made,
The aſs; for he, we know, has lately ſtrayed,
And being loſt perhaps, and wandering wide,
Might be ſuppoſed to clamour for a guide.
But ah! thoſe dreadful yells what ſoul can hear,
That owns a carcaſe, and not quake for fear?
Dæmons produce them doubtleſs, brazen-clawed
And fanged with braſs the dæmons are abroad;
I hold it therefore wiſeſt and moſt fit,
That life to ſave, we leap into the pit.
  Him anſwered then his loving mate and true,
But more diſcreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.
  How? leap into the pit our life to ſave?
To ſave our life leap all into the grave?
For can we find it leſs? Contemplate firſt
The depth how awful! falling there, we burſt:
Or ſhould the brambles, interpoſed, our fall
In part abate, that happineſs were ſmall;
For with a race like theirs no chance I ſee
Of peace or eaſe to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noiſe kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
Or be it not, or be it whoſe it may,
And ruſh thoſe other ſounds, that ſeem by tongues
Of dæmons uttered, from whatever lungs,
Sounds are but ſounds, and till the cauſe appear
We have at leaſt commodious ſtanding here.
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monſter, blaſt
From earth or hell, we can but plunge at laſt.

While thus ſhe ſpake, I fainter heard the peals,
For Reynard, cloſe attended at his heels
By panting dog, tired man, and ſpattered horſe,
Thro' mere good fortune, took a different courſe.
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
Following, that led me to my own abode,
Much wondered that the ſilly ſheep had found
Such cauſe of terror in an empty ſound
So ſweet to huntſman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of deſperate ſteps. The darkeſt day,
Live till to-morrow, will have paſſed away.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

I.

When the Britiſh warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counſel of her country's gods,

II.

Sage beneath the ſpreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he ſpoke
  Full of rage, and full of grief.

III.

Princeſs! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchleſs wrongs,
'Tis becauſe reſentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

IV.

Rome ſhall periſh—write that word
  In the blood that ſhe has ſpilt;
Periſh, hopeleſs and abhorred,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

V.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
  Tramples on a thouſand ſtates;
Soon her pride ſhall kiſs the ground—
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

VI.

Other Romans ſhall ariſe,
  Heedleſs of a ſoldier's name;
Sounds, not arms ſhall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame.

VII.

Then the progeny that ſprings
  From the foreſts of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
  Shall a wider world command.

VIII.

Regions Cæſar never knew
  Thy poſterity ſhall ſway;
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they.

IX.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Bending as he ſwept the chords
  Of his ſweet but awful lyre.

X.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
  Felt them in her boſom glow:
Ruſhed to battle, fought, and died;
  Dying hurled them at the foe.

XI.

Ruffians, pitileſs as proud,
  Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us beſtowed,
  Shame and ruin wait for you.

HEROISM.

THERE was a time when Ætna's ſilent fire
Slept unperceived, the mountain yet entire;
When, conſcious of no danger from below,
She towered a cloud-capt pyramid of ſnow.
No thunders ſhook with deep inteſtine ſound
The blooming groves, that girdled her around.
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of thoſe burſting mines)
The peaſant's hopes, and not in vain, aſſured,
In peace upon her ſloping ſides matured.
When on a day, like that of the laſt doom,
A conflagration labouring in her womb,
She teemed and heaved with an infernal birth,
That ſhook the circling ſeas and ſolid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours riſe,
And hang their horrors in the neighbouring ſkies,
While through the ſtygian veil, that blots the day,
In dazzling ſtreaks the vivid lightnings play.
But oh! what muſe, and in what powers of ſong,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devaſtation in the van,
It marches o'er the proſtrate works of man.
Vines, olives, herbage, foreſts diſappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
  Revolving ſeaſons, fruitleſs as they paſs,
See it an uninformed and idle maſs;

Without a ſoil to invite the tiller's care,
Or blade, that might redeem it from deſpair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
Once more the ſpiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the ſhade.
Oh bliſs precarious, and unſafe retreats,
Oh charming paradiſe of ſhort-lived ſweets!
The ſelf-ſame gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the diſtant ear a ſullen ſound:
Again the mountain feels the impriſoned foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below.
Ten thouſand ſwains the waſted ſcene deplore,
That only future ages can reſtore.
Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merits of your cauſe,
Who ſtrike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but juſtice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The miſchiefs your ambitious pride inſpires!
Faſt by the ſtream, that bounds your juſt domain,
And tells you were ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours', and their own.
Ill-fated race! how deeply muſt they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet ſounds, your legions ſwarm abroad,
Through the ripe harveſt lies their deſtined road;
At every ſtep beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread!

Earth ſeems a garden in its lovelieſt dreſs
Before them, and behind a wilderneſs.
Famine, and peſtilence, her firſt-born ſon,
Attend to finiſh what the ſword begun;
And echoing praiſes, ſuch as fiends might earn,
And folly pays, reſound at your return.
A calm ſucceeds—but plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, ſucceeds not ſoon again,
And years of pining indigence muſt ſhow
What ſcourges are the gods that rule below.
Yet man, laborious man by ſlow degrees,
(Such is his thirſt of opulence and eaſe)
Plies all the ſinews of induſtrious toil,
Gleans up the refuſe of the general ſpoil,
Rebuilds the towers, that ſmoked upon the plain,
And the ſun gilds the ſhining ſpires again.
Increaſing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conquerors part;
And the ſad leſſon muſt be learned once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurelled heroes, ſay,
But Ætnas of the ſuffering world ye ſway?
Sweet nature, ſtripped of her embroidered robe,
Deplores the waſted regions of her globe;
And ſtands a witneſs at truth's awful bar,
To prove you there, deſtroyers as ye are.
Oh place me in ſome heaven-protected iſle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom ſmile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No creſted warrior dips his plume in blood;

Where power ſecures what induſtry has won;
Where to ſucceed is not to be undone;
A land that diſtant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's iſle, beneath a George's reign!

ON THE RECEIPT OF

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK.

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

Oh that thoſe lips had language! Life has paſſed
With me but roughly ſince I heard thee laſt.
Thoſe lips are thine—thy own ſweet ſmiles I ſee,
The ſame, that oft in childhood ſolaced me;
Voice only fails, elſe, how diſtinct they ſay,
"Grieve not, my child, chaſe all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of thoſe dear eyes
(Bleſt be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here ſhines on me ſtill the ſame.
Faithful remembrancer of one ſo dear,
Oh welcome gueſt, though unexpected here!

Who biddest me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,

I learned at laſt ſubmiſſion to my lot,
But, though I leſs deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurſery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to ſchool along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In ſcarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a hiſtory little known,
That once we called the paſtoral houſe our own.
Short lived poſſeſſion! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindneſs there,
Still outlives many a ſtorm, that has effaced
A thouſand other themes leſs deeply traced.
Thy nightly viſits to my chamber made,
That thou mighteſt know me ſafe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biſcuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks beſtowed
By thy own hand, till freſh they ſhone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing ſtill than all,
Thy conſtant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by thoſe cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpoſed too often makes;
All this ſtill legible in memory's page,
And ſtill to be ſo to my lateſt age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but ſincere,
Not ſcorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reverſed, reſtore the hours,
When, playing with thy veſture's tiſſued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jeſſamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou waſt happier than myſelf the while,
Wouldſt ſoftly ſpeak, and ſtroke my head and ſmile)
Could thoſe few pleaſant hours again appear,
Might one wiſh bring them, would I wiſh them here?
I would not truſt my heart—the dear delight
Seems ſo to be deſired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is ſuch,
So little to be loved, and thou ſo much,
That I ſhould ill requite thee to conſtrain
Thy unbound ſpirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coaſt
(The ſtorms all weathered and the ocean croſſed)
Shoots into port at ſome well-havened iſle,
Where ſpices breathe and brighter ſeaſons ſmile,
There ſits quieſcent on the floods, that ſhow
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incenſe play
Around her, fanning light her ſtreamers gay;
So thou, with ſails how ſwift! haſt reached the ſhore,
"Where tempeſts never beat nor billows roar *,"
And thy loved conſort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long ſince, has anchored at thy ſide.

Garth.

But me, ſcarce hoping to attain that reſt,
Always from port withheld, always diſtreſſed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempeſt toſſed,
Sails ript, ſeams opening wide, and compaſs lo
And day by day ſome current's thwarting for
Sets me more diſtant from a proſperous cour
But oh the thought, that thou art ſafe, and h
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boaſt is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth
But higher far my proud pretenſions riſe—
The ſon of parents paſſed into the ſkies.
And now, farewell—time unrevoked has run
His wonted courſe, yet what I wiſhed is done
By contemplation's help, not ſought in vain,
I ſeem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were min
Without the ſin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy ſtill are free,
And I can view this mimic ſhew of thee,
Time has but half ſucceeded in his theft—
Thyſelf removed, thy power to ſoothe me left.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT virtue or what mental grace
But men unqualified and baſe
Will boaſt it their poſſeſſion?
Profuſion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulneſs of diſcretion.

If every poliſhed gem we find,
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendſhip does the ſame,
That jewel of the pureſt flame,
Or rather conſtellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requiſites that form a friend,
A real and a ſound one,
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one.

Candid and generous and juſt,
Boys care but little whom they truſt,
An error ſoon corrected—

For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when ſmootheſt he appears,
Is moſt to be ſuſpected?

But here again a danger lies,
Leſt, having miſapplied our eyes
And taken traſh for treaſure,
We ſhould unwarily conclude
Friendſhip a falſe ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleaſure.

An acquiſition rather rare
Is yet no ſubject of deſpair;
Nor is it wiſe complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We ſought without attaining.

No friendſhip will abide the teſt,
That ſtands on ſordid intereſt,
Or mean ſelf-love erected;
Nor ſuch as may awhile ſubſiſt
Between the ſot and ſenſualiſt,
For vicious ends connected.

Who ſeek a friend, ſhould come diſpoſed
To exhibit in full bloom diſcloſed
The graces and the beauties,

That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis an union, that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance to accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot, that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed

Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possessed
So jealousy looks forth distressed
On good, that seems approaching,
And if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each others laurel.

A man renowned for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling,

Will thruſt a dagger at your breaſt,
And ſay he wounded you in jeſt,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be ſure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Aſperſion is the babbler's trade,
To liſten is to lend him aid,
And ruſh into diſſenſion.

A friendſhip, that in frequent fits
Of controverſial rage emits
The ſparks of diſputation,
Like hand in hand inſurance plates,
Moſt unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boaſt a ſoul
True as a needle to the pole,
Their humour yet ſo various—
They manifeſt their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
Their love is ſo precarious.

The great and ſmall but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete,
Plebeians muſt ſurrender,

And yield ſo much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with ſmoke,
Obſcurity with ſplendour.

Some are ſo placid and ſerene
(As Iriſh bogs are always green)
They ſleep ſecure from waking;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares
Unmoved and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their heterogeneous politics
Without an effervеſcence,
Like that of ſalts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coaleſcence.

Religion ſhould extinguiſh ſtrife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points, which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge,
No combatants are ſtiffer!

To prove at laſt my main intent
Needs no expence of argument,
No cutting and contriving—

Seeking a real friend we ſeem
To adopt the chymiſts golden dream,
With ſtill leſs hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemiſh in due time made known
By treſpaſs or omiſſion;
Sometimes occaſion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from ſight,
And even from ſuſpicion.

Then judge yourſelf, and prove your man
As circumſpectly as you can,
And having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

That ſecrets are a ſacred truſt,
That friends ſhould be ſincere and juſt,
That conſtancy befits them,
Are obſervations on the caſe,
That ſavour much of common place,
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and ſtone,
An architect requires alone
To finiſh a fine building—

The palace were but half complete,
If he could poffibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he efteems your merit,
Is fuch a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

As fimilarity of mind,
Or fomething not to be defined,
Firft fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The fame we practifed at firft fight,
Muft fave it from declenfion.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little and hear all you can."
Safe policy but hateful—
So barren fands imbibe the fhower,
But render neither fruit nor flower,
Unpleafant and ungrateful.

The man I truft, if fhy to me,
Shall find me as referved as he,
No fubterfuge or pleading

Shall win my confidence again,
I will by no means entertain
A ſpy on my proceeding.

Theſe ſamples—for alas! at laſt
Theſe are but ſamples, and a taſte
Of evils yet unmentioned—
May prove the taſk a taſk indeed,
In which 'tis much if we ſucceed
However well-intentioned.

Purſue the ſearch, and you will find
Good ſenſe and knowledge of mankind
To be at leaſt expedient,
And after ſumming all the reſt,
Religion ruling in the breaſt
A principal ingredient.

The nobleſt Friendſhip ever ſhewn
The Saviour's hiſtory makes known,
Though ſome have turned and turned it;
And whether being crazed or blind,
Or ſeeking with a biaſed mind,
Have not, it ſeems, diſcerned it.

Oh Friendſhip! if my ſoul forego
Thy dear delights while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,

May I myſelf at laſt appear
Unworthy, baſe, and inſincere,
Or may my friend deceive me!

STANZAS

Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality of the Pariſh of

ALL-SAINTS, NORTHAMPTON,

Anno Domini 1787.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. HORACE.

Pale death with equal foot ſtrikes wide the door
Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

WHILE thirteen moons ſaw ſmoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All theſe, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave.

I

Was man (frail always) made more frail
  Than in foregoing years?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
  That ſo much death appears?

No; theſe were vigorous as their ſires,
  Nor plague nor famine came;
This annual tribute death requires,
  And never waves his claim.

Like crowded foreſt-trees we ſtand,
  And ſome are marked to fall;
The axe will ſmite at God's command,
  And ſoon ſhall ſmite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
  With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtleſs, I have ſeen
  I paſſed—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the ſolemn truth,
  With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
  And at the root of age.

No preſent health can health inſure
  For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it often cure,
  Can always baulk the tomb.

And Oh! that humble as my lot,
And ſcorned as is my ſtrain,
Theſe truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
And ere he quits the pen,
Begs *you* for once to take *his* part
And anſwer all—Amen!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur. HOR.

Improve the preſent hour, for all beſide
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

COULD I, from heaven inſpired, as ſure preſage
To whom the riſing year ſhall prove his laſt;
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the paſt;

How each would trembling wait the mournful ſheet,
On which the preſs might ſtamp him next to die;
And, reading here his ſentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heaven-ward turn his eye!

Time then would ſeem more precious than the joys,
In which he ſports away the treaſure now;
And prayer more ſeaſonable than the noiſe
Of drunkards, or the muſic-drawing bow.

Then doubtleſs many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong ſhore,
Forced to a pauſe, would feel it good to think,
Told that his ſetting ſun muſt riſe no more.

Ah ſelf-deceived! Could I prophetic ſay
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The reſt might then ſeem privileged to play;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now ſpeaks to ALL.

Obſerve the dappled foreſters, how light
They bound, and airy o'er the ſunny glade—
One falls—the reſt, wide-ſcattered with affright,
Vaniſh at once into the darkeſt ſhade.

Had we their wiſdom, ſhould we, often warned,
Still need repeated warnings, and at laſt,
A thouſand awful admonitions ſcorned,
Die ſelf-accuſed of life run all to waſte?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones:
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1789.

—*Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.*
VIRG.

There calm at length he breathed his soul away.

" OH most delightful hour by man
" Experienced here below,
" The hour that terminates his span,
" His folly, and his woe!

" Worlds ſhould not bribe me back to tread
" Again life's dreary waſte,
" To ſee again my day o'erſpread
" With all the gloomy paſt.

" My home henceforth is in the ſkies,
" Earth, ſeas, and ſun adieu!
" All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
" I have no ſight for you."

So ſpoke Aſpaſio, firm poſſeſt
Of faith's ſupporting rod,
Then breathed his ſoul into its reſt,
The boſom of his God.

He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue's ſide;
And all his ſtrength from ſcripture drew,
To hourly uſe applied.

That rule he prized, by that he feared,
He hated, hoped, and loved;
Nor ever frowned, or ſad appeared,
But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail as thou or I,
And evil felt within:
But when he felt it, heaved a ſigh,
And loathed the thought of ſin.

Such lived Aſpaſio; and at laſt
  Called up from Earth to Heaven,
The gulph of death triumphant paſſed,
  By gales of bleſſing driven.

His joys be *mine*, each Reader cries,
  When my laſt hour arrives:
They ſhall be yours, my Verſe replies,
  Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne.
BUCHANAN.

Deſpiſe not my good counſel.

HE who ſits from day to day,
  Where the priſoned lark is hung,
Heedleſs of his loudeſt lay,
  Hardly knows that he has ſung.

Where the watchman in his round
  Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None, accuſtomed to the ſound,
  Wakes the ſooner for his cry.

So your verſe-man I, and clerk,
  Yearly in my ſong proclaim
Death at hand—yourſelves his mark—
  And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
  Publiſhing to all aloud—
Soon the grave muſt be your home,
  And your only ſuit, a ſhroud.

But the monitory ſtrain,
  Oft repeated in your ears,
Seems to ſound too much in vain,
  Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confeſſed
  Of ſuch magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft expreſſed,
  Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleaſure's call attention wins,
  Hear it often as we may;
New as ever ſeem our ſins,
  Though committed every day.

Death and judgment, Heaven and Hell—
  Theſe alone, ſo often heard,
No more move us than the bell
  When ſome ſtranger is interred.

Oh then, ere the turf or tomb
  Cover us from every eye,
Spirit of inſtruction come,
  Make us learn that we muſt die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1792.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!

VIRG.

Happy the mortal, who has traced effects
To their firſt cauſe, caſt fear beneath his feet,
And Death, and roaring Hell's voracious fires!

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
  Man thinks he fades too ſoon;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
  Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wiſe enough to ſcan
His beſt concerns aright,
Would gladly ſtretch life's little ſpan
To ages, if he might.

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes
Galled by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeleſs of repoſe.

Strange fondneſs of the human heart,
Enamoured of its harm!
Strange world, that coſts it ſo much ſmart,
And ſtill has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's beſt hour,
And covet longer woe?

The cauſe is Conſcience—Conſcience oft
Her tale of guilt renews:
Her voice is terrible though ſoft,
And dread of death enſues.

Then anxious to be longer ſpared
Man mourns his fleeting breath:
All evils then ſeem light, compared
With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgment ſhakes him; there's the fear,
That prompts the wiſh to ſtay:
He has incurred a long arrear,
And muſt deſpair to pay.

Pay!—follow Chriſt, and all is paid;
His death your peace inſures;
Think on the grave where *he* was laid,
And calm deſcend to *yours.*

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur.
CIC. DE LEG.

But let us all concur in this one ſentiment, that things ſacred be inviolate.

HE lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beſide;
For other ſource than God is none
Whence life can be ſupplied,

To live to God is to requite
His love as beſt we may:
To make his precepts our delight,
His promiſes our ſtay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprized,
Is falſely named, and no ſuch thing,
But rather death diſguiſed.

Can life in them deſerve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can diſclaim
An endleſs life above?

Who, much diſeaſed, yet nothing feel;
Much menaced, nothing dread;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
Yet never aſk his aid?

Who deem his houſe an uſeleſs place,
Faith, want of common ſenſe;
And ardour in the Chriſtian race,
A hypocrite's pretence?

Who trample order; and the day,
Which God aſſerts his own,
Diſhonour with unhallowed play,
And worſhip chance alone?

If ſcorn of God's commands, impreſſed
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man, unbleſſed
With life that cannot die;

Such want it, and that want uncured
Till man reſigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, aſſured
Of everlaſting death.

Sad period to a pleaſant courſe!
Yet ſo will God repay
Sabbaths profaned without remorſe,
And mercy caſt away.

INSCRIPTION
FOR
THE TOMB
OF
MR. HAMILTON.

PAUSE here, and think: a monitory rhime
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
Seems it to say—" Health here has long to reign?"
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? an heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear. Youth, ofttimes healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a tomb, like HAMILTON's, aloud
Exclaims, " Prepare thee for an early shroud."

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er purſue,
Nor ſwifter greyhound follow,
Whoſe foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor e'er heard huntſman's hallo',

Old Tiney, ſurlieſt of his kind,
Who, nurſed with tender care,
And to domeſtic bounds confined,
Was ſtill a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took,
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread
And milk, and oats, and ſtraw;
Thiſtles, or lettuces inſtead,
With ſand to ſcour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' ruſſet peel,
And, when his juicy ſalads failed,
Sliced carrot pleaſed him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To ſkip and gambol like a fawn,
And ſwing his rump around.

His friſking was at evening hours,
For then he loſt his fear,
But moſt before approaching ſhowers,
Or when a ſtorm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus ſaw ſteal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour' ſake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a ſmile.

But now beneath his walnut ſhade
He finds his long laſt home,
And waits, in ſnug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puſs ſhall come.

He, ſtill more aged, feels the ſhocks,
From which no care can ſave,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Muſt ſoon partake his grave.

EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

Hic etiam jacet,
Qui totum novennium vixit,
Puſs.
Siſte pauliſper,
Qui præteriturus es,
Et tecum ſic reputa—
Nunc neque canis venaticus,
Nec plumbum miſſile,
Nec laqueus,
Nec imbres nimii,
Confecêre
Tamen mortuus eſt—
Et moriar ego.

The following Account of the Treatment of his Hares was inserted by Mr. Cowper in the Gentleman's Magazine, whence it is transfcribed.

In the year 1774, being much indifpofed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myfelf either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made fome diverfion neceffary, I was glad of any thing, that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Underftanding better how to teafe the poor creature than to feed it, and, foon becoming weary of their charge, they readily confented that their father, who faw it pining and growing leaner every day, fhould offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prifoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of fuch an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I fhould find juft that fort of employment which my cafe required. It was foon known among the neighbours that I was pleafed with the prefent; and the confequence was, that in a fhort time I had as many leverets offered to me, as would have ftocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is neceffary that I fhould here diftinguifh by the names I gave them—Pufs, Tiney, and Befs. Notwithftanding the two feminine appellatives, I muft inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houfes to fleep in; each had a feparate apartment, fo contrived that their ordure would pafs through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatfoever fell, which being duly emptied and wafhed, they were thus kept perfectly fweet and clean. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puſs grew preſently familiar, would leap into my lap, raiſe himſelf upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would ſuffer me to take him up and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen faſt aſleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nurſed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not moleſt him (for, like many other wild animals, they perſecute one of their own ſpecies that is ſick), and by conſtant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, reſtored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a ſentiment which he moſt ſignificantly expreſſed by licking my hand, firſt the back of it, then the palm, then every finger ſeparately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unſaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a ſimilar occaſion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my cuſtom to carry him always after breakfaſt into the garden, where he hid himſelf generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, ſleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves alſo of that vine he found a favourite repaſt. I had not long habituated him to this taſte of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of ſuch expreſſion as it was not poſſible to miſinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately ſucceed, he would take the ſkirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puſs might be ſaid to be perfectly tamed, the ſhyneſs of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was viſible by many ſymptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human ſociety than when ſhut up with his natural companions.

Not ſo Tiney; upon him the kindeſt treatment had not the leaſt effect. He too was ſick, and in his ſickneſs had an equal ſhare of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took

the liberty to ſtroke him, he would grunt, ſtrike with his fore feet, ſpring forward, and bite. He was however very entertaining in his way; even his ſurlineſs was matter of mirth, and in his play he preſerved ſuch an air of gravity, and performed his feats with ſuch a ſolemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Beſs, who died ſoon after he was full grown, and whoſe death was occaſioned by his being turned into his box, which had been waſhed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puſs was tamed by gentle uſage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Beſs had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after ſupper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would friſk, and bound, and play a thouſand gambols, in which Beſs, being remarkably ſtrong and fearleſs, was always ſuperior to the reſt, and proved himſelf the Veſtris of the party. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardineſs to pat Beſs upon the cheek, an indignity which he reſented by drumming upon her back with ſuch violence, that the cat was happy to eſcape from under his paws and hide herſelf.

I deſcribe theſe animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were ſo expreſſive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is ſaid that a ſhepherd, however numerous his flock, ſoon becomes ſo familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, diſtinguiſh each from all the reſt; and yet, to a common obſerver, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the ſame diſcrimination in the caſt of countenances would be diſcoverable in hares, and am perſuaded that among a thouſand of them no two could be found exactly ſimilar; a circumſtance little ſuſpected by thoſe, who have not had opportunity to obſerve it. Theſe creatures have a ſingular ſagacity in diſcovering the minuteſt alteration, that

is made in the place to which they are accuftomed, and inftantly apply their nofe to the examination of a new object. A fmall hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the ftricteft fcrutiny. They feem too to be very much directed by the fmell in the choice of their favourites: to fome perfons, though they faw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even fcream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had charms that were irrefiftible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with thefe fpecimens of the kind has taught me to hold the fportfman's amufement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he perfecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their fpirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that impreffed as they feem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only becaufe man gives them peculiar caufe for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will juft give a fhort fummary of thofe articles of diet, that fuit them beft.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one, at leaft grafs is not their ftaple; they feem rather to ufe it medicinally, foon quitting it for leaves of almoft any kind. Sow-thiftle, dent-de-lion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, efpecially the laft. I difcovered by accident that fine white fand is in great eftimation with them; I fuppofe as a digeftive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage while the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with fuch fand upon the floor, which, being at once directed to by a ftrong inftinct, they devoured voracioufly; fince that time I have generally taken care to fee them well fupplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and ftalk, but the ear they feldom eat: ftraw of any kind, efpecially wheat-ftraw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnifhed with clean ftraw never want them; it ferves them alfo for a bed, and,

if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night: during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These however not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot overset it into their beds. I must not omit that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common briar, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicksome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it: they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I ſhould not do complete juſtice to my ſubject did I not add, that they have no ill ſcent belonging to them; that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themſelves clean, for which purpoſe nature has furniſhed them with a bruſh under each foot; and that they are never infected by any vermin.

May 28, 1784.

Memorandum found among Mr. Cowper's papers.

Tueſday, March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Puſs, aged eleven years eleven months. She died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

THE END.

T. Benſley, Printer, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.